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NO. 33
OCT.-NOV.

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THE VAULT OF

HORROR®

FEATURING...



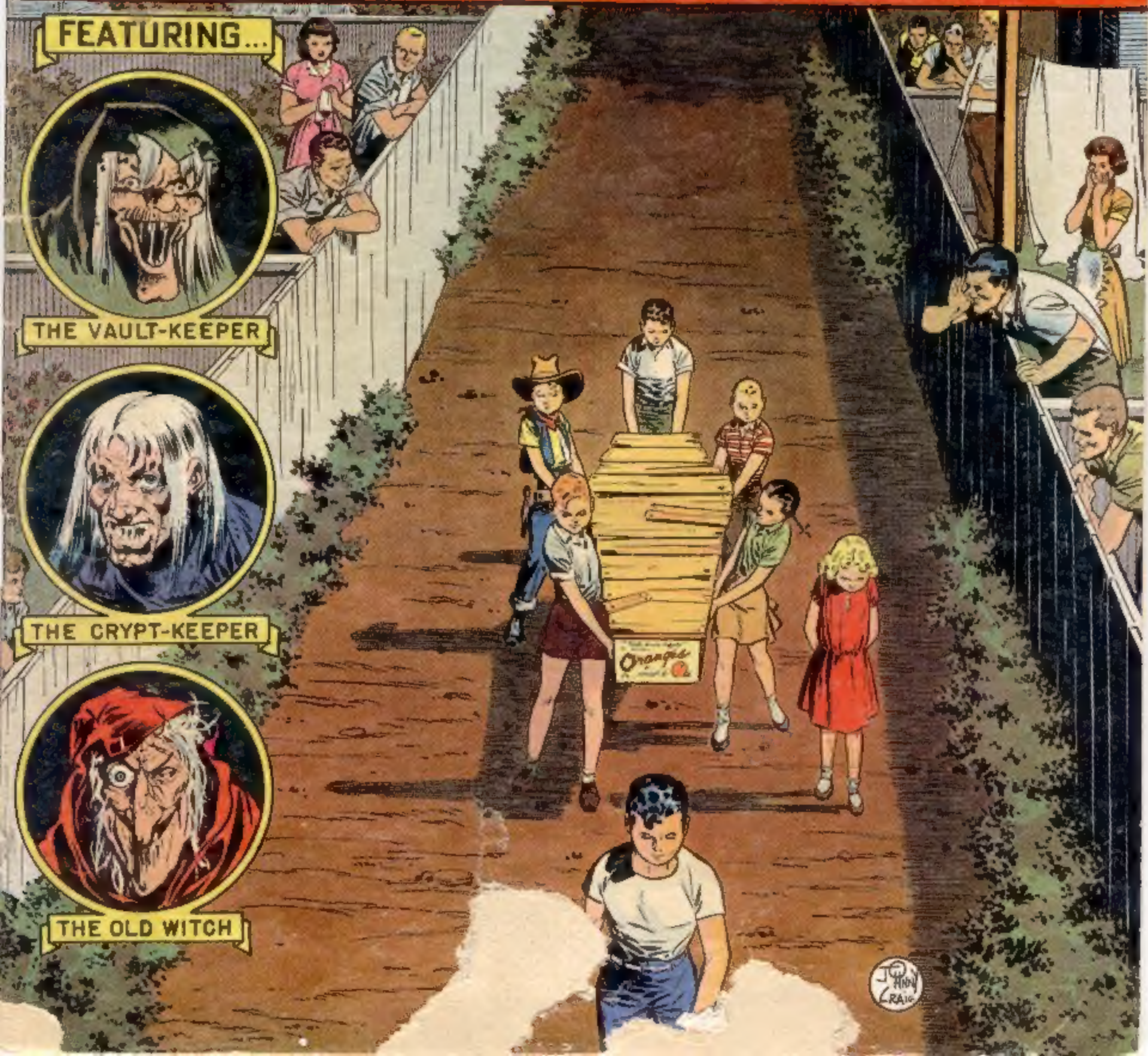
THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



JOHN CRAIG



B. ELDER

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THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! HELLO AGAIN, LITTLE HORROR FIENDS. WELCOME ONCE MORE TO MY REEKING RAB, THE VAULT OF HORROR. I'M ALL SET TO START THE BRAWL ROLLING WITH ANOTHER TERROR-TALE FROM MY CREEPY COLLECTION. I CALL THIS GRAND AND GRISLY GEM OF SHRIEKING SHENANIGANS...



TOGETHER THEY LIE!

REG
CRANDALL

OVERHEAD, THE SKY IS A DISMAL GREY. A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER SEEMS TO MUTTER THE THREAT OF A COMING STORM. THERE IS A DEATH-SILENCE HANGING OVER THE CEMETERY, BROKEN ONLY BY THE PITIFUL SOBBING OF BLACK-DRAPED AGNES WHEATLEY, THE DECEASED MAN'S HOUSEKEEPER. SHE STANDS AT THE FOOT OF THE YAWNING GRAVE, HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDKERCHIEF. THE OTHER MOURNERS SHIFT UNCOMFORTABLY, WATCHING THE GRAVEDIGGERS STEP FORWARD AND BEGIN SHOVELING THE DAMP EARTH BACK INTO THE EXCAVATION UPON THE SIMPLE COFFIN. AN ODDLY SHAPED HEADSTONE RESTS NEARBY, THE DATE OF DEATH RECENTLY CARVED INTO ITS WEATHERED SURFACE...

COME, AGNES! IT IS DONE!
COME AWAY...

NO... SOB. LET ME...
SOB...STAY... A WHILE...



TOUCHING SCENE, EH, KIDDIES? TUGS AT YOUR HARD-HEART STRINGS, EH? WANT TO KNOW *WHY* AGNES WHEATLEY STANDS BEFORE HER FORMER EMPLOYER'S GRAVE, AND SOBS HER EYES OUT? WELL, HERE'S THE STORY...



IT BEGAN ONE NIGHT ON THE HORTON ESTATE WHERE AGNES WHEATLEY WAS EMPLOYED AS HOUSEKEEPER. IT BEGAN WITH AN ORANGE GLOW IN THE NIGHT SKY... A FIRE, RAMPAGING WILDLY, LEAPING AND CRACKLING, CONSUMING THE BOAT-HOUSE DOWN BY THE LAKE...



MR. HORTON! MR. HORTON! WAKE UP! QUICKLY! OH, LORD! THE BOAT-HOUSE! IT'S ON FIRE! IT'S BURNING! AND MRS. HORTON... IS INSIDE! SOB... SOB...

WHAT? HUH? MRS. HORTON? WHERE? THE BOAT-HOUSE... BURNING? MY GOD! SYLVIA!

ALEX HORTON LEAPED FROM HIS BED AND RAN WILDLY OUT OF HIS PALATIAL MANSION TOWARDS THE ROARING INFERNO, MRS. WHEATLEY FOLLOWING...

BY THE TIME ALEX REACHED THE BOAT-HOUSE, THERE WAS NOTHING THAT COULD BE DONE... NOTHING EXCEPT WATCH THE FLAMES LEVEL IT TO A PILE OF SMOLDERING BLACKENED RUINS...



ARE YOU *SURE*, AGNES? ARE YOU *SURE SHE'S IN THERE*? OH, LORD...

I'M *POSITIVE*, MR. HORTON!



SYLVIA... SOB...

HEAVEN HELP HER...

LATER, WHEN THE ASHES HAD COOLED, THE FIREMEN PROBED THE LEVELED REMAINS...

AGNES TRIED TO DISCOURAGE MR. HORTON...

...AND SO FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. HORTON GAZED UPON THE CHARRED REMAINS OF HIS BELOVED WIFE...



SHE WAS *IN THERE*, ALL RIGHT, MR. HORTON, THEY'RE BRINGING HER *BODY* OUT NOW. I SUGGEST YOU *DON'T LOOK*...

NO! NO! I *MUST* SEE HER! I *MUST*...



PLEASE, MR. HORTON. DON'T *TORTURE* YOURSELF. REMEMBER HER AS SHE *WAS*. NOT... NOT LIKE *THIS*...

I *MUST* SEE HER...



CHOK... SYLVIA... SOB...

COME, MR. HORTON. COME AWAY...

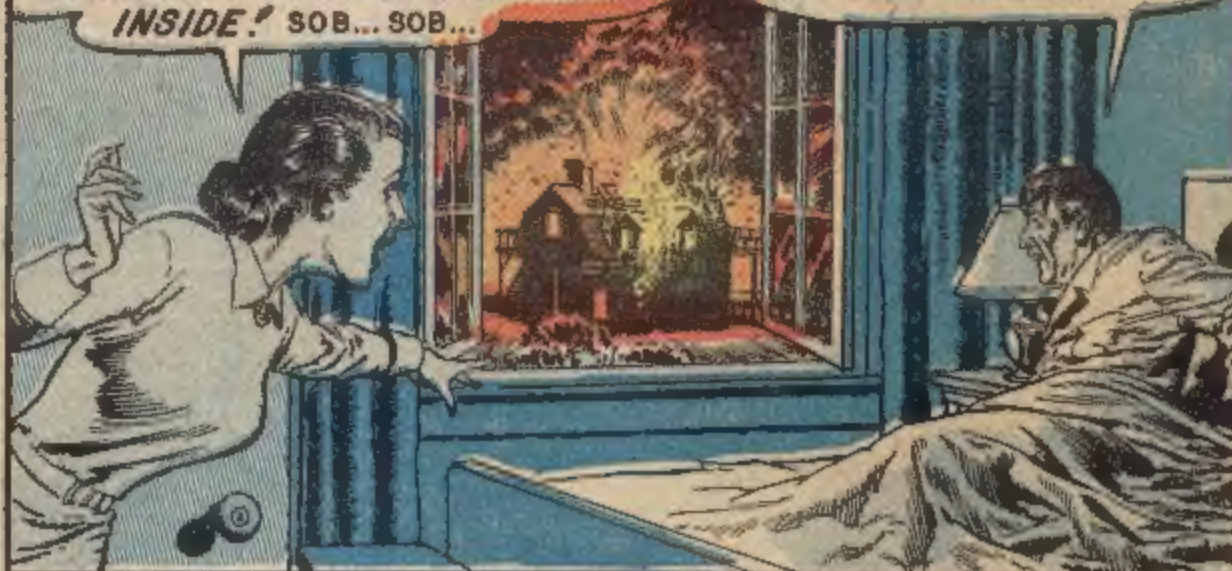
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CHOKES... SYLVIA... SOB...

COME, MR. HORTON. COME AWAY...



ALEX HORTON HAD BEEN A DEVOTED HUSBAND. HE'D LOVED HIS WIFE DEARLY. HE'D TAKEN HER LOSS VERY HARD, SHUTTING HIMSELF AWAY FROM HIS BUSINESS, HIS FRIENDS, THE WORLD, TO MOURN HER. AGNES WHEATLEY TRIED HER BEST TO COMFORT HIM...



IN LIFE, ALEX HAD BEEN LOATH TO LEAVE SYLVIA'S SIDE... EVEN FOR THE SHORT BUSINESS TRIPS HE'D BEEN FORCED TO MAKE. AFTER HER DEATH, HE'D ORDERED A SPECIAL GRAVESTONE...



THE DOUBLE MONUMENT HAD BEEN EXECUTED WITH SYLVIA'S NAME, BIRTH-DATE AND DEATH-DATE INSCRIBED ON THE RIGHT. AND ALEX'S NAME AND BIRTH-DATE ON THE LEFT, WITH A BLANK SPACE FOR HIS DEATH-DATE...



AND EVERY SUNDAY, AGNES WOULD ACCOMPANY MR. HORTON TO THE CEMETERY AND STAND AND WATCH HIM PLACE FLOWERS BEFORE THE HUGE DOUBLE STONE AND LISTEN TO HIS SAD VOICE...



ONE NIGHT, MITCH FAIRCHILD VISITED ALEX. MITCH WAS THE HORTON'S LAWYER...



I'LL GIVE YOU A RING IN A DAY OR SO. I'LL PROBABLY GIVE IT ALL TO SOME CHARITY, NOW. IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE...



SOME CHARITY!?! ER...WELL, SUIT YOURSELF, ALEX. IT'S YOUR MONEY...

AGNES OPENED THE DOOR FOR MITCH WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE. ALEX NEVER NOTICED THE LOOK THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM...



IT WAS ON THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY AT THE CEMETERY THAT AGNES BROKE DOWN. SHE'D BEEN WATCHING HER EMPLOYER, LISTENING TO HIS SAD VOICE, AND FINALLY, SHE BURST OUT CRYING...



ALEX STARED AT HIS HOUSEKEEPER...



AGNES TURNED AWAY, SOBBING...



NO! IT'S THE TRUTH. SHE WAS CARRYING ON WITH HIM... BEHIND YOUR BACK. I NEVER TOLD YOU BECAUSE I WANTED TO PROTECT YOU. I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU HURT...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! WHO WAS IT? TELL ME!



IT WAS MR. FAIRCHILD... YOUR LAWYER. SHE USED TO MEET HIM... IN THE BOAT-HOUSE... AFTER YOU'D GONE TO SLEEP...

NO! NO! IT ISN'T TRUE...



AGNES OPENED HER POCKETBOOK. SHE PULLED OUT A LETTER...

HERE! READ THIS. HERE'S THE PROOF YOU WANT. MRS. HORTON USED TO GET LETTERS LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME...

GIVE IT TO ME...



ALEX READ THE LETTER WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES...

'MY BELOVED SWEETHEART, LAST NIGHT, IN THE BOAT-HOUSE, WAS A MOMENT OF HEAVEN. WHEN ALEX IS DEAD, AND HIS MONEY IS YOURS, WE WILL GO AWAY AND BE TOGETHER ALWAYS INSTEAD OF HAVING TO STEAL THOSE PRECIOUS HEAVENLY MOMENTS. ONLY YOUR LOVE FOR ME GIVES ME THE PATIENCE TO WAIT...

I LOVE YOU. MITCH... CHOKES



ALEX READ THE LETTER OVER AGAIN
AND AGAIN, UNBELIEVINGLY...

DON'T YOU SEE?
THEY MEANT TO
KILL YOU!

OH...
NO...



AGNES'S VOICE WAS FILLED
WITH HATE...

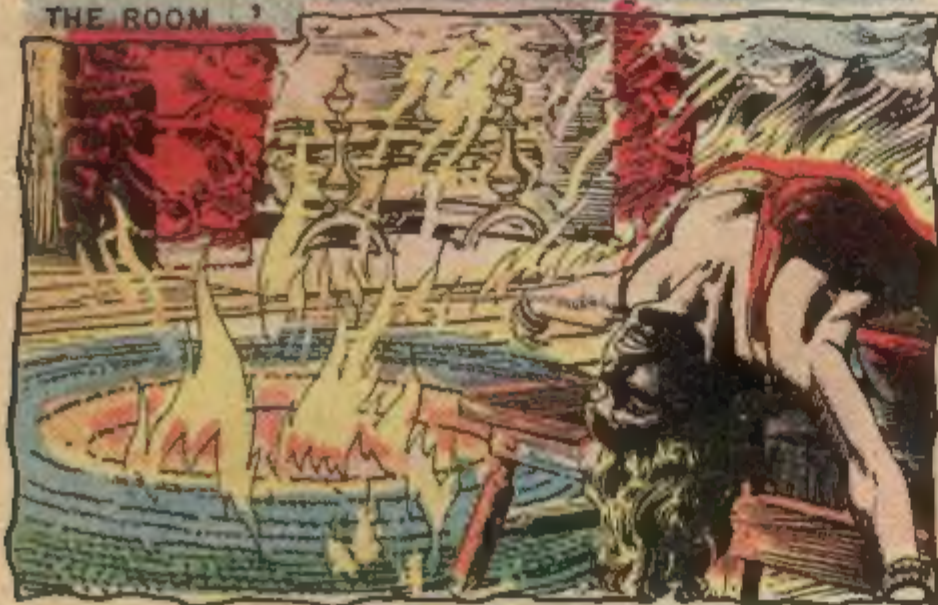
ONLY SHE RUINED IT ALL...
THAT NIGHT SHE DIED. THEY'D
BEEN TOGETHER...AS USUAL...
DRINKING AND...SOB...



'ONLY, WHEN MITCH LEFT, SHE
CONTINUED TO DRINK, INSTEAD OF
SNEAKING BACK TO THE HOUSE AS I'D
WATCHED HER DO SO MANY TIMES
BEFORE. SHE PASSED OUT, KNOCK-
ING OVER THE HURRICANE LAMP!'



'I WATCHED THE KEROSENE POOL OUT OVER THE RUG...
WATCHED THE FLAMES LEAP UPON IT...SWEEP THROUGH
THE ROOM...'



I COULD HAVE SAVED HER...
BUT I...SOB...I LET HER
DIE! SHE DESERVED IT...
SOB. SHE WAS NO GOOD.
AND SHE DOESN'T
DESERVE YOUR
BRIEF...

AGNES! I...I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
THIS...THIS IS SUCH A
SHOCK TO ME!



I'VE BEEN A GOOD AND FAITHFUL
SERVANT TO YOU, MR. HORTON.
IF... IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN TURN
ME OVER TO THE POLICE. I'VE
DONE WRONG, I GUESS.

NO, AGNES! YOU
DID RIGHT. IT'S
JUST THAT I WAS
SO BLIND...SO
VERY BLIND.



THAT NIGHT, ALEX HORTON RETURNED TO THE CEME-
TERY WHERE SYLVIA LAY BURIED. HE CARRIED WITH
HIM A CHISEL AND Mallet, SAVAGELY, HE SPLIT
THE DOUBLE GRAVESTONE IN TWO...



THEN HE RETURNED HOME AND MADE OUT A NEW WILL, NAMING AGNES WHEATLEY, HIS FAITHFUL HOUSEKEEPER, AS SOLE BENEFICIARY.

...AND SO, IN GRATITUDE, I LEAVE ALL OF MY ESTATE TO MISS AGNES WHEATLEY, WHO, THROUGH THE YEARS, HAS PROVEN HERSELF...



THE CHAUFFEUR AND HIS WIFE WERE AROUSED THAT NIGHT AND REQUESTED BY MR. HORTON TO WITNESS THE DOCUMENT...

I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. HORTON! IS THIS WHERE I SIGN?



AND AN HOUR LATER, ALEX HORTON PLACED A GUN TO HIS TEMPLE AND...



HEH, HEH. SO NOW YOU *KNOW* THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO OUR TOUCHING LITTLE SOB-SCENE, EH, KIDDIES? NOW YOU KNOW *WHY* AGNES WHEATLEY CRIES HER HEART OUT BEFORE ALEX HORTON'S GRAVE. WOULDN'T YOU CRY IF YOU'D BEEN LEFT THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS? NO? TCH...TCH...



THE GRAVEDIGGERS HAVE REFILLED THE GRAVE AND THE MOURNERS WAIT FOR AGNES TO LEAVE. BUT SHE DOES NOT TURN. SHE JUST STANDS THERE BEFORE THE MOUND WITH THE JAGGED-EDGED GRAVESTONE AT ITS HEAD...

COME, AGNES... IT'S ALL OVER.

THE REST OF YOU CAN GO. LET ME STAY A WHILE...



MITCH FAIRCHILD, THE LAWYER, STEPS FORWARD...

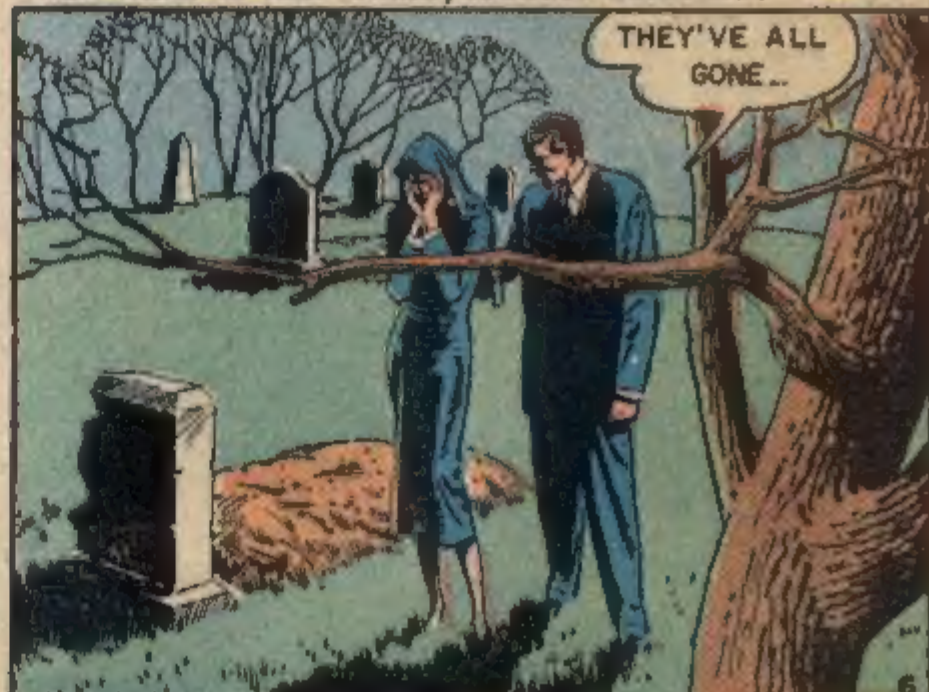
GO AHEAD, ALL OF YOU! I'LL STAY WITH HER...

SOB...SOB...



THE MOURNERS FILE OFF, AND AGNES STANDS WITH HER HEAD IN HER HANDS, SOBBING QUIETLY...

THEY'VE ALL GONE...



AGNES LIFTS HER HEAD. A BROAD SMILE ON HER FACE...



WE'RE...RICH, BABY...

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, AGGIE!

HE FELL FOR THAT STORY I SPUN HIM ABOUT HIS WIFE BEING UNFAITHFUL...



WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING! THE FOOL WAS GOING TO LEAVE THE DOUGH TO CHARITY!

AND ALL OF OUR WORK WOULD HAVE BEEN WASTED. WE WOULD'VE TIED HER UP AND DRAGGED HER DOWN TO THE BOAT-HOUSE AND SET FIRE TO IT FOR NOTHING! KILLED HER FOR NOTHING!



BUT, HOW DID YOU CONVINCE HIM? YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY PROOF...



THIS LETTER! THIS LETTER YOU WROTE TO ME! I SHOWED IT TO HIM. I TOLD HIM YOU WROTE IT TO SYLVIA...HIS WIFE!

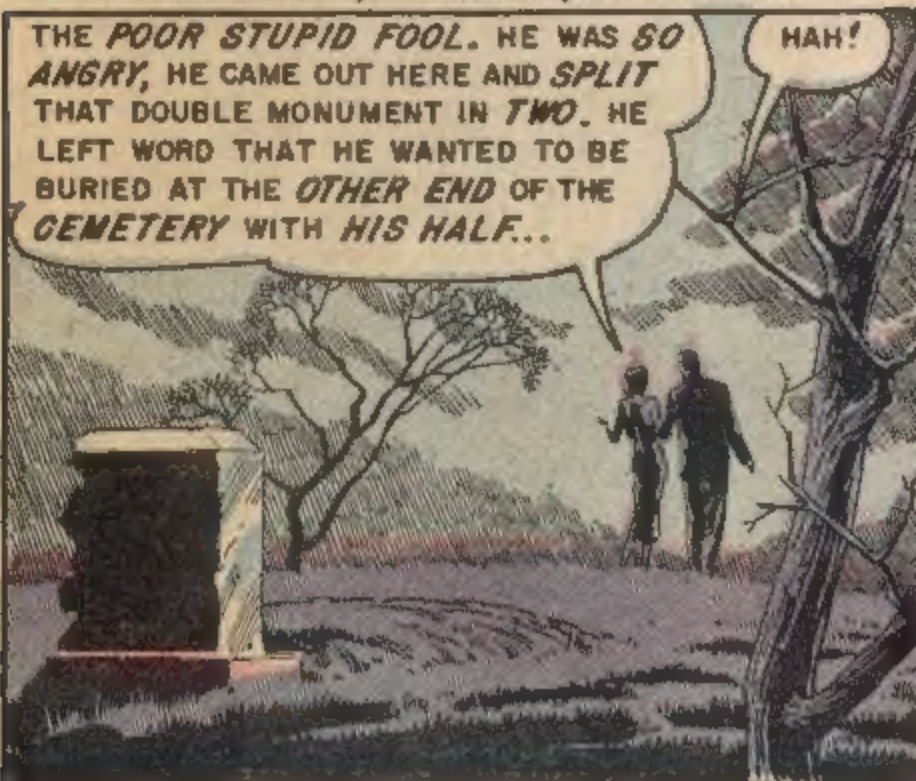
YOU MEAN...HAH... YOU MEAN I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SYLVIA'S LOVER?



I TOLD HIM SHE'D BEEN MEETING YOU AT THE BOAT-HOUSE! AND THAT THE NIGHT SHE DIED, SHE'D GOTTEN DRUNK AND KNOCKED OVER A HURRICANE LAMP...

THAT'S A LAUGH. WE SPILLED ENOUGH KEROSENE AROUND THE PLACE TO FILL UP FIFTY LAMPS.

THEY STARTED OFF, ARM IN ARM, LAUGHING...



THE POOR STUPID FOOL. HE WAS SO ANGRY, HE CAME OUT HERE AND SPLIT THAT DOUBLE MONUMENT IN TWO. HE LEFT WORD THAT HE WANTED TO BE BURIED AT THE OTHER END OF THE CEMETERY WITH HIS HALF...

HAH!

THEIR LAUGHTER FADED AND THE GREY SKY SEEMED TO HANG HEAVIER...AND ONCE AGAIN CAME A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER, MUTTERING THE WARNING OF THE COMING STORM...



DEATH IS A STRANGE STATE. THE BODY LIES IMMOBILE, DECAYING, FALLING TO DUST. WORDS THAT THE BODY HEARS TAKE TIME TO PENETRATE INTO THE DEAD BRAIN... TAKE TIME TO BE ASSIMILATED... TAKE TIME FOR THEIR MEANING TO BE UNDERSTOOD. IT WAS OVER SIX MONTHS LATER THAT THE THREATENED STORM FINALLY BROKE. THE SOFT GRAVE EARTH BEFORE THE JAGGED HEADSTONE CRUMBLLED... THE BODY PUSHED UPWARD...



THE THING MOVED AWKWARDLY FORWARD STUMBLING ON DECAYED LEGS COVERED WITH SLIME



BITS OF FLESH FELL AWAY AS IT TOTTERED OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE. FINALLY IT STOOD BEFORE THE HORTON MANSION, GRINNING IN AT THE COUPLE SEATED BEFORE THE FIRE...



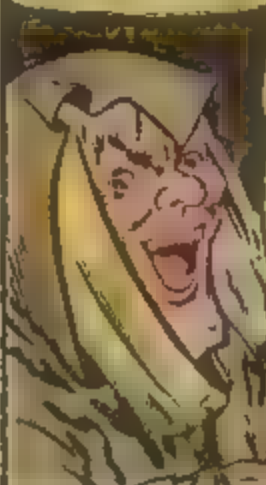
AS THE FRENCH DOORS SMASHED OPEN AND THE ROTTED AND FOUL-SMELLING THING CAME THROUGH, MITCH AND AGNES SCREAMED



THEY FOUND THE LAWYER'S AND THE HOUSEKEEPER'S BODIES IN THE CEMETERY THE NEXT MORNING, LYING GROTESQUELY BESIDE THE DOUBLE GRAVESTONE THAT HAD BEEN CAREFULLY FITTED TOGETHER DURING THE NIGHT...



HEH, HEH. YEP, KIDDIES. SYLVIA AND ALEX ARE SIDE BY SIDE AGAIN... IN DEATH, AS IN LIFE. AND, UNLESS ONE LOOKS CAREFULLY THESE DAYS, ONE CAN HARDLY TELL THAT THEIR DOUBLE GRAVESTONE WAS EVER SPLIT IN TWO. WELL, I'LL BE BACK A LITTLE LATER WITH ANOTHER TERROR-TALE FROM MY COLLECTION. NOW, THE CRYPT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH HIS ODOROUS OFFERING. IN THE MEANTIME... AS THE PROSPECTIVE MURDER VICTIM SAID TO HIS ASSAILANT WHEN HE SAW THE KNIFE...



... SO LONG ?

~ THE END ~

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! FOND FELICITATIONS, FIENDS. WELCOME, NOW, TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR. THIS IS YOUR M.C. (MORBID CREEP), THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO RELATE ANOTHER REVOLTING ROMANCE FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE CRYPT. FOR MY BRUESOME GUEST-SPOT IN V.K.'S MAG, I HAVE CHOSEN A CHERISHED CHILLER... A TOUCHING TERROR-TALE... A FOUL FAVORITE OF MINE. IT CONCERNS A SMALL GROUP OF CHILDREN ENGAGED THE DELIGHTFUL TASK OF HOLDING A MOCK FUNERAL. I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURDLING TALE...

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME!

THE SKY HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO DARKEN WHEN THE CHILDREN, DRESSED IMPECCABLY IN THEIR BEST SUNDAY CLOTHES, CAME SLOWLY UP THE STREET, CARRYING THE CRUDE WOODEN COFFIN ON THEIR SMALL SHOULDERS. THEIR LITTLE MOUTHS WERE SET GRIMLY... THEIR EYES GLISTENING WITH TEARS. MR. COOTES LOOKED UP FROM HIS GARDENING WORK AND GRINNED.

WELL, I'LL BE DURNED...



MR. COOTES CHUCKLED SOFTLY AS THE PROCESSION PASSED UP THE STREET TOWARD THE EMPTY LOT AT THE FAR CORNER. HE CALLED TO MRS COOTES, WHO SAT DOZING IN THE ROCKER ON THE FRONT PORCH...

CLARA! LOOK AT THEM CUNNIN' KIDS, WILL YOU!? THEY'RE HAVIN' A REGULAR FUNERAL?

HUH? WHERE, EDWIN? WE'LL I'LL BE...



CLARA COOTES ROSE, STRETCHED, EASED HERSELF DOWN THE PORCH STEPS, AND STOOD BESIDE HER CHUCK-
THE LITTLE GIRL

AIN'T THAT THE *GUTEST* THING YOU EVER SAW, CLARA? I'LL BET SOME PET CAT OR DOG GOT ITSELF KILLED AN THEY'RE *BURVIN'* IT!

KIDS ARE *ALWAYS* SO DOIN' CUTE THINGS THEY WENT AN' DONE IT! AREN'T THEY DARLING?



HERBERT DRAPER, THE COOTES'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR AND THE TOWN'S SOLE UNDERTAKER, SHOOK HIS HEAD IN AMAZEMENT AS THE GRIM ENTOURAGE MOVED PAST HIS FRONT YARD...

WENT AND DID WHAT, MR DRAPER?

WHY...WENT AN' HELD THAT FUNERAL THEY SAID THEY WANTED TO HOLD, MRS. COOTES. I THOUGHT THEY WAS *KIDDIN'*!



MR. COOTES LAUGHED AT MR DRAPER.

THEY'RE *HORNIN'* IN ON YOUR RACKET, EH, HERB?

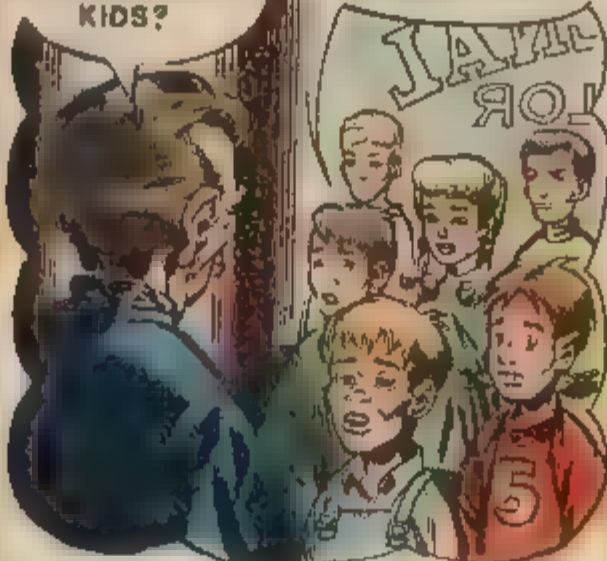
FUNNY THING, ED! THEY STOPPED BY THE *PARLOR* THIS AFTERNOON. STARTED ASKIN' ALL KINDS OF QUESTIONS.



'COURSE, I JUST HUMORED 'EM ALONG...

WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN THE DETAILS OF FUNERAL CEREMONIES, KIDS?

WE'RE GONNA HAVE ONE, MR DRAPER. TELL US WHAT WE'RE S'POSED T'DO!



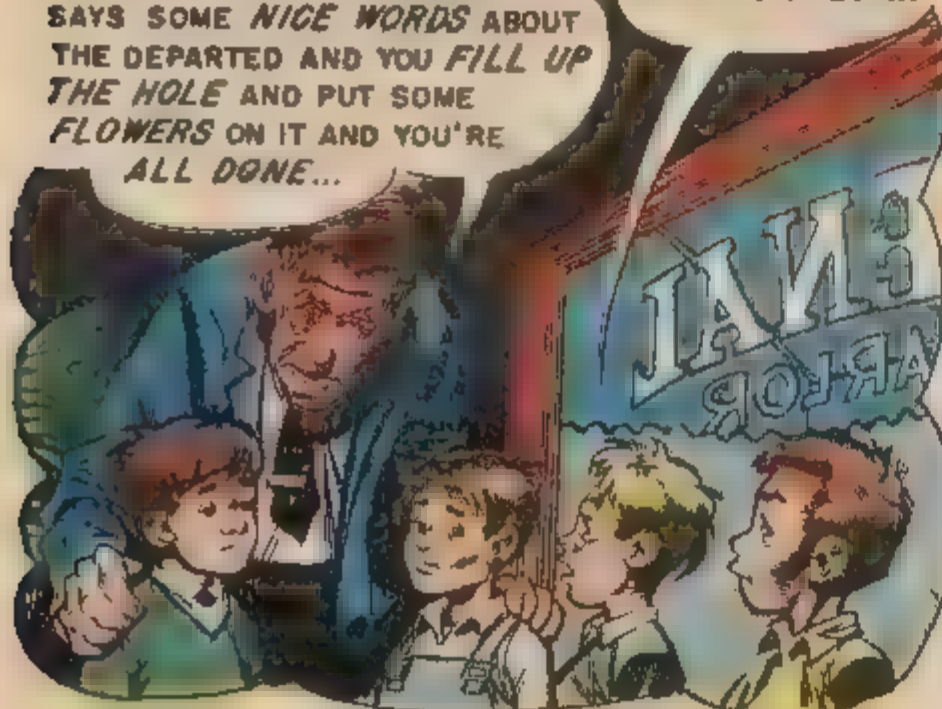
WELL...*FIRST* OF ALL, YOU GOTTA MAKE A *NICE* COFFIN OUTTA PINE. THEN EVERYBODY GETS DRESSED UP *REAL FINE* IN THEIR *SUNDAY BEST* AND YOU CARRY THE COFFIN TO THE GRAVEYARD.

WE'RE GONNA USE THE *OLD* LOT...



GOOD ENOUGH, I GUESS. LET'S SEE. THEN YOU *DIG A HOLE* AND PUT THE *GOFFIN* IN AND SOMEBODY SAYS SOME *NICE WORDS* ABOUT THE DEPARTED AND YOU *FILL UP* THE HOLE AND PUT SOME *FLOWERS* ON IT AND YOU'RE *ALL DONE*...

GEE, MR. DRAPER. THANKS! THANKS A LOT...



MR DRAPER SHOOK HIS HEAD, STARING AFTER THE SAD LITTLE GROUP...

I NEVER THOUGHT THEY WAS *SERIOUS*, THOUGH. I THOUGHT THEY WAS *PULLIN'* MY LEG. *HMMM!* LOOK AT 'EM!

WELL, FOR *CRYIN'* OUT LOUD! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



DAILY NEWS

OLD DOC STACEY, THE TOWN DOCTOR, SCRATCHED HIS HEAD AS HE STARED AT THE PROCESSION MOVING ALONG THE STREET IN THE GATHERING TWILIGHT...

OH, EVENIN', DOC! THAT'S SOMETHIN' EH? THE KIDS ARE HAVIN' A FUNERAL! ED SAYS SOME DOG DIED!

YOU KNOW, THEY WERE IN MY OFFICE THIS AFTERNOON...

'AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT. THEY ASKED ME...'

HOW CAN YOU TELL WHEN SOMETHIN'S DEAD, DOC?

WELL... ITS HEART STOPS BEATING, KIDS! WHY... SOME-THIN' DIE?

YEAH, DOC! ER... AN' WHAT DO YOU DO WITH SOME-THIN' IF IT IS DEAD?

WHY... BURY IT, I GUESS. THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE YOU CAN DO!

DOC STACEY SHRUGGED AS THE PROCESSION PASSED ON UP THE DARKENED STREET.

POOR KIDS! THEY TAKE EVERYTHIN' SO SERIOUS THESE DAYS. WHAT YOU SAY IT WAS THAT DIED, HERB?

WHY... A DOG... I THINK...

HMMPH! MORBID KIDS!

FRANK BUNDAGE, THE TOWN'S CANDYSTORE OWNER, STOOD ON HIS FRONT STEPS STARING AT THE SILENT, SAD-EYED CHILDREN.

OH, EVENIN' FRANK! YOU SAY SOMETHIN'?

I SAID THEY'RE MORBID KIDS... THAT'S WHAT I SAID, DOC. ALWAYS INTERESTED IN DEATH AND DYIN'...

DOC STACEY JUST GRINNED.

IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL FOR KIDS THEIR AGE TO BE CURIOUS ABOUT DEATH, FRANK. AFTER ALL, IT IS ONE OF LIFE'S UNSOLVABLE MYSTERIES.

NOT NATURAL DYIN', DOC. THEY'RE INTERESTED IN VIOLENT DYIN'!

'WHY, JUST T'OTHER DAY THEY ALL STOPPED DOWN AT MY STORE AND THEN ONE OF 'EM SAW THEM HEADLINES... YOU KNOW...'

LOOK!

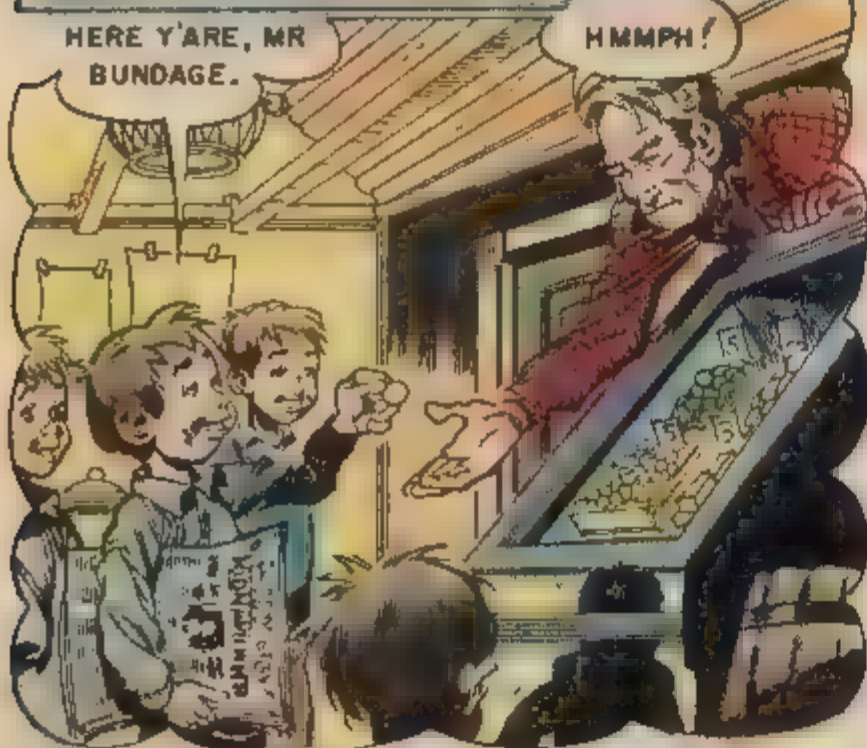
'KILLER EXECUTED, DIES IN CHAIR!'

GEE! LET'S BUY A COPY! I GOT A PENNY...

'BETWEEN 'EM THEY SCRAPED UP THE NICKLE AND BOUGHT A COPY OF THE PAPER...'

HERE Y'ARE, MR BUNDAGE.

HMMPH!



I TELL YOU, IT AIN'T *NATURAL* FOR KIDS TO BE SO MORBID ABOUT SOME *MANIAC* GETTIN' *ELECTROCUTED*.

GUESS MAYBE YOU'RE *RIGHT*, FRANK. BUT THEY *SURE WERE INTERESTED*. THEY BROUGHT *ME* THE PAPER... ASKED ME *ALL ABOUT IT*...



GEORGE SPARKMAN, THE TOWN ELECTRICIAN, GRINNED OVER THE PICKET FENCE THAT SEPARATED HIS AND FRANK BUNDAGE'S FRONT YARDS...

OH, *EVENIN'*, GEORGE! YOU SAY THEY ASKED YOU 'BOUT THAT *STORY*...

YEP. WANTED TO KNOW *HOW* AN ELECTRIC CHAIR *KILLS* SOMEBODY...



'I TOLE 'EM. I DIDN'T SEE NO HARM...'

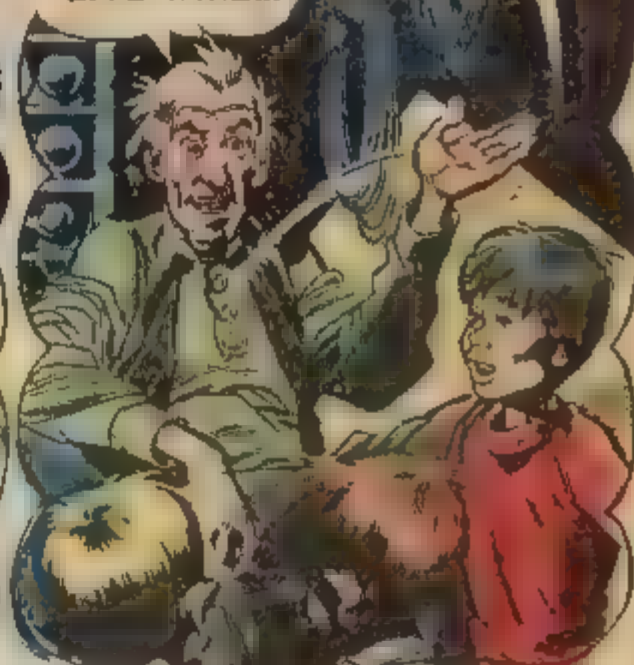
WHY IT SENDS *THOUSANDS OF VOLTS* THROUGH THE BODY, KIDS. THE *SHOCK PARALYZES THE HEART*... STOPS *EVERYTHIN'* FROM *FUNCTIONIN'*...

AND YUH *DIE*?



YEP. WHY IT'S JUST LIKE GETTIN' *STRUCK BY LIGHTNIN'*, OR STEPPIN' ON A *LIVE WIRE*...

THANKS, MR. SPARKMAN!



THE PROCESSION HAD ALMOST REACHED THE LOT, NOW. GEORGE SPARKMAN SMILED AT 'EM...

YEP, THEY SURE WERE INTERESTED IN THAT NEWSPAPER STORY...

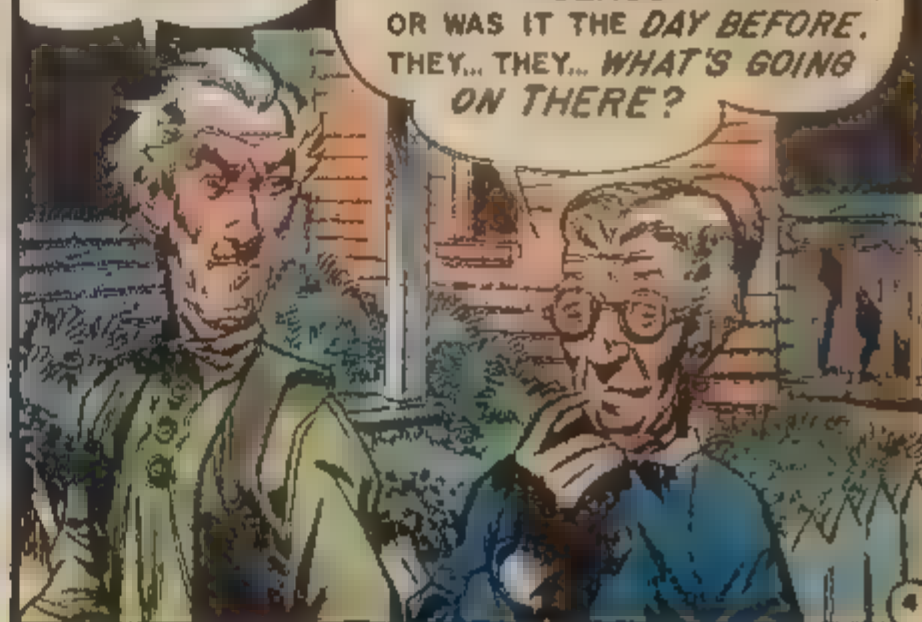
YOU MEAN THE ONE ABOUT THE *ELECTROCUTION*, MR. SPARKMAN?

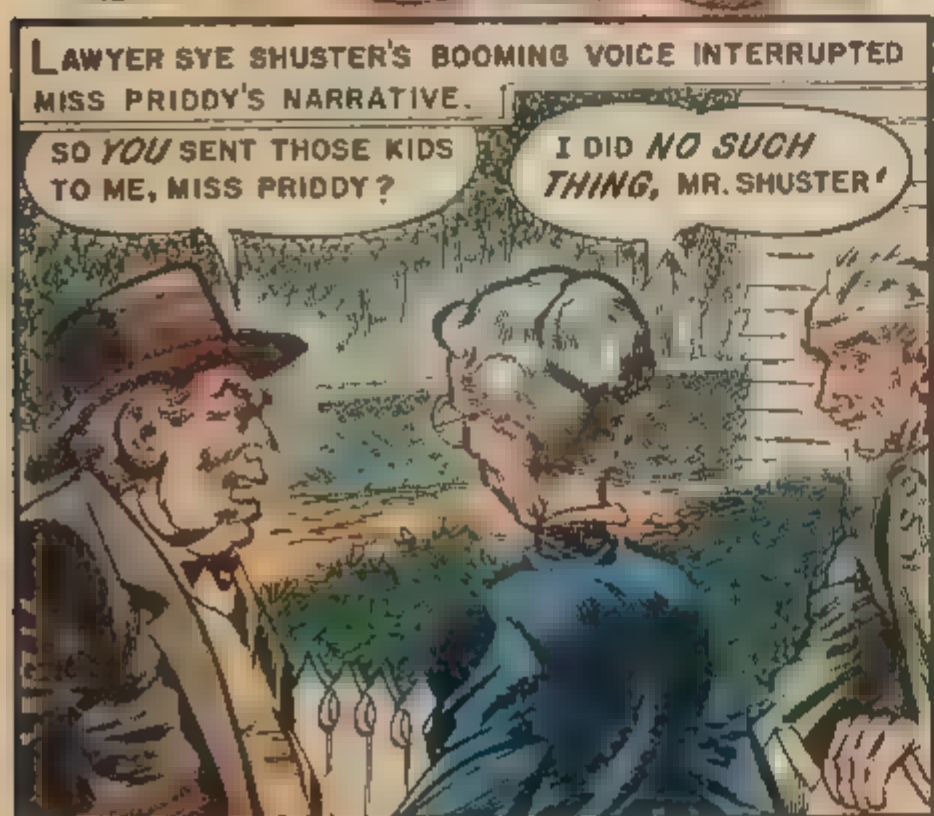
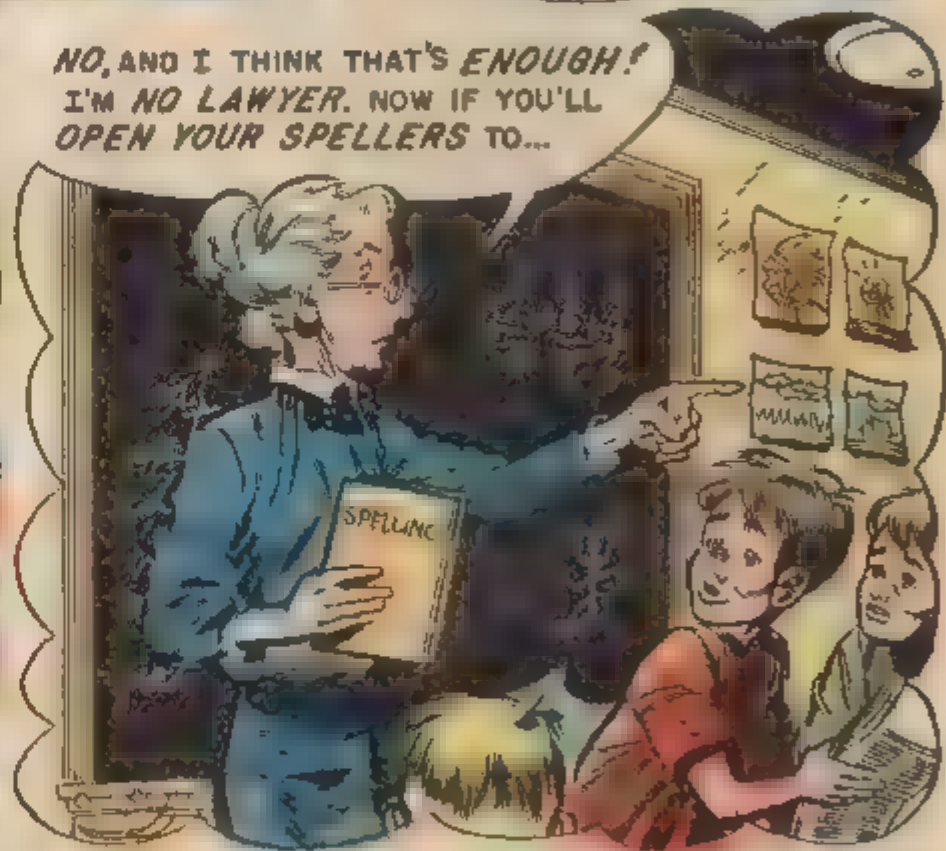
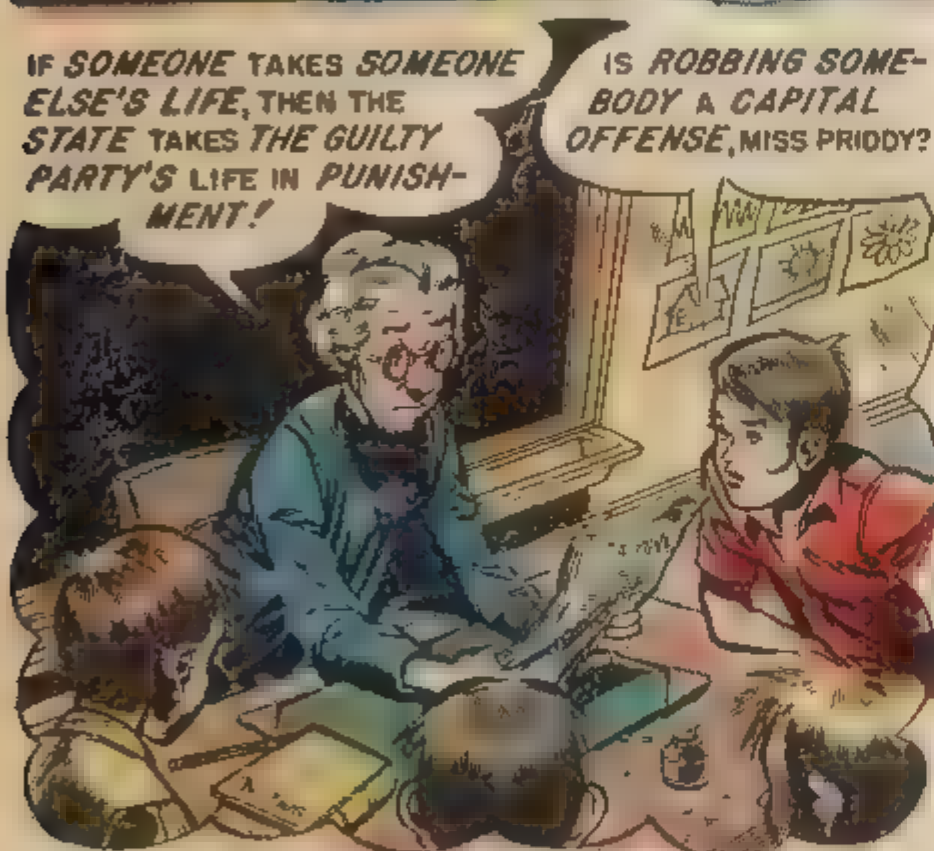
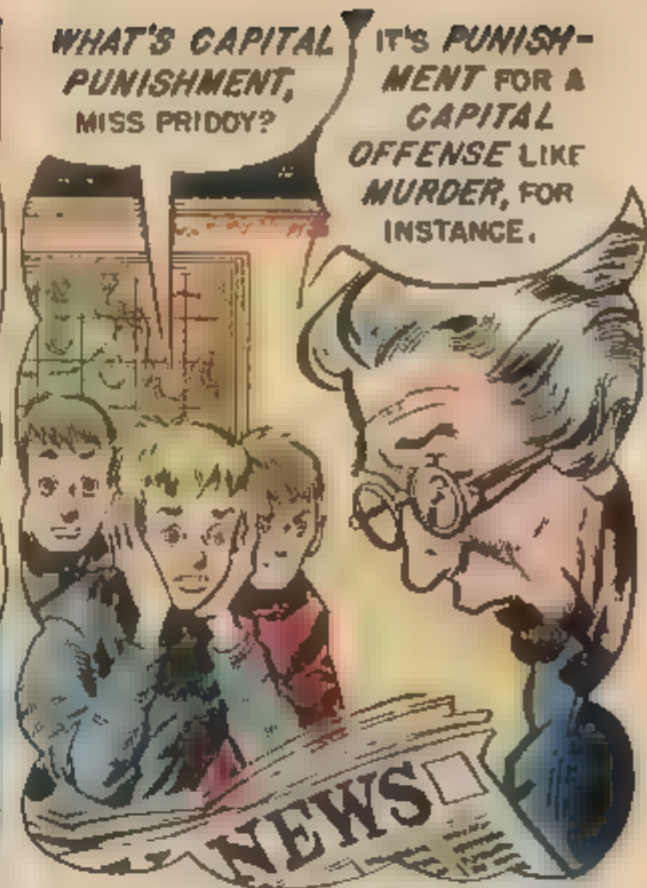
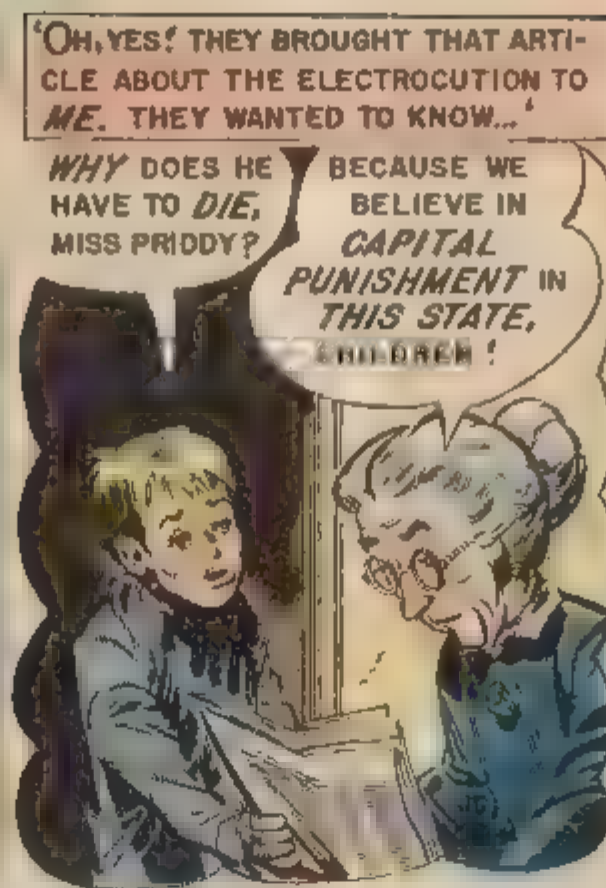
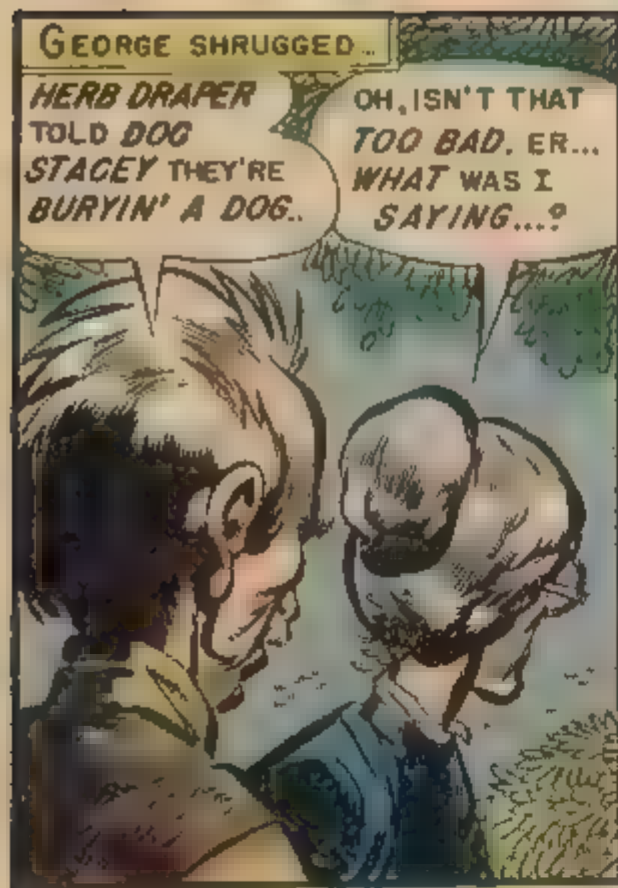


MATILDA PRIDDY, SCHOOLTEACHER, CAME UP THE WALK FROM THE BACK OF HER HOUSE...

THAT'S THE *ONE*, MISS PRIDDY.

STRANGE. THEY BROUGHT THE PAPER TO *CLASS* YESTERDAY... OR WAS IT THE *DAY BEFORE*. THEY... THEY... *WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?*





'NOT EXACTLY. THEY WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE PUNISHMENT FOR ROBBERY WAS, AND I TOLD THEM...'

OF COURSE, IT DEPENDS UPON THE *JUDGE* WHO SENTENCES HIM.

THEN A *ROBBER* DOESN'T HAVE TO DIE IN THE *ELECTRIC CHAIR*?

OH, NO! ONLY A *CAPITAL CRIME* IS PUNISHABLE BY *DEATH*. LIKE *MURDER*...OR *KIDNAPPING*!

KIDNAPPING? WHAT'S *KIDNAPPING*?

LAWYER SHUSTER GRINNED.

SO I HAD TO EXPLAIN ALL ABOUT *KIDNAP-PING* TO THEM. LOST OVER AN *HOUR*... THANKS TO YOU, MISS PRIDDY.

WELL I *DIDN'T SEND THEM*. MR. SHUSTER! OH, LOOK...

THE GRIM-FACED PROCESSION HAD ENTERED THE LOT, NOW. THEY STOOD SOLEMNLY BEFORE THE CRUDELY DUG PIT...

AREN'T THEY *SWEET*...

SO *SERIOUS*, TOO...

SLOWLY, THEY DROPPED THE COFFIN FROM THEIR SHOULDERS AND LOWERED IT INTO THE YAWNING HOLE.

HEH, HEH...

SOMETHIN', EH?

LAWYER SHUSTER LEANED ON HIS NEIGHBOR'S FENCE, WATCHING THE CEREMONY...

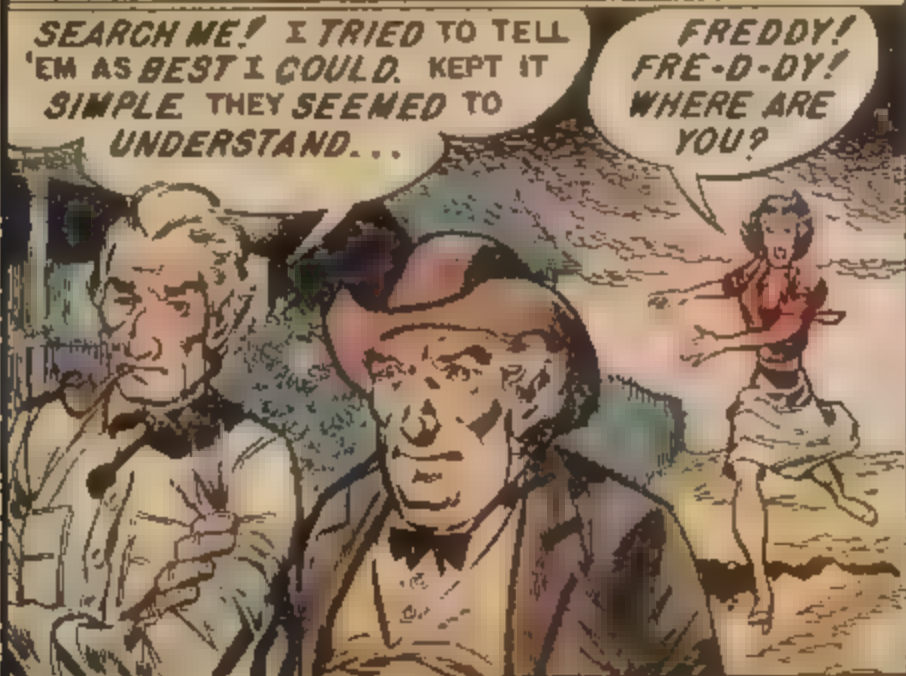
KIDS SURE DO *STRANGE THINGS* THESE DAYS, EH, JUDGE DELANEY...

FUNNY THING YOU SHOULD *MENTION* THAT, SYE!

THOSE *KIDS* CAME TO SEE ME IN MY *CHAMBERS* YESTER-DAY. THEY WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT *JURY TRIALS*!

JURY TRIALS...? WHY?

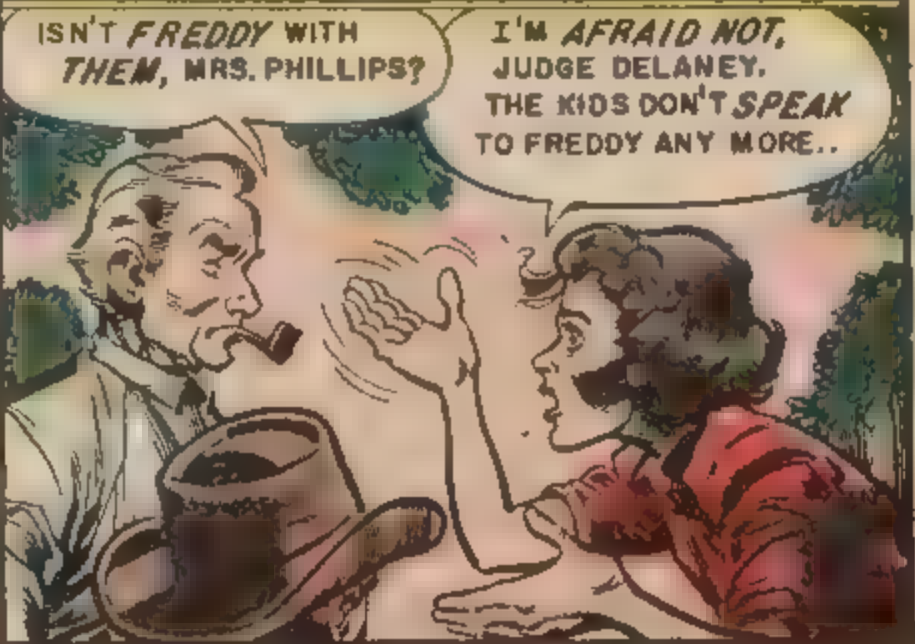
NOW, THE SOLEMN-FACED MOURNERS WERE SHOVELING THE SOIL BACK INTO THE GRAVE UPON THE ROUGHLY HEWN COFFIN. JUDGE DELANEY SHRUGGED...



SEARCH ME! I TRIED TO TELL 'EM AS BEST I COULD. KEPT IT SIMPLE. THEY SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND...

FREDDY! FRE-D-DY! WHERE ARE YOU?

MRS. PHILIPS CAME UP THE STREET, CALLING HER SIX YEAR OLD SON'S NAME. SHE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT, STUDYING THE GRIM GROUP OF FOUR THROUGH SEVEN YEAR OLDS STANDING IN THE EMPTY LOT...



ISN'T FREDDY WITH THEM, MRS. PHILLIPS?

I'M AFRAID NOT, JUDGE DELANEY. THE KIDS DON'T SPEAK TO FREDDY ANY MORE..



OH? WHY NOT?

WELL... FREDDY TOOK SOMETHING FROM ONE OF THEM... AND THEY'VE NEVER FORGIVEN HIM FOR IT!



JUDGE DELANEY STARED AT THE LITTLE GROUP TAMPING DOWN THE FRESH GRAVE...

SHUSTER! WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM ABOUT KIDNAPPING?

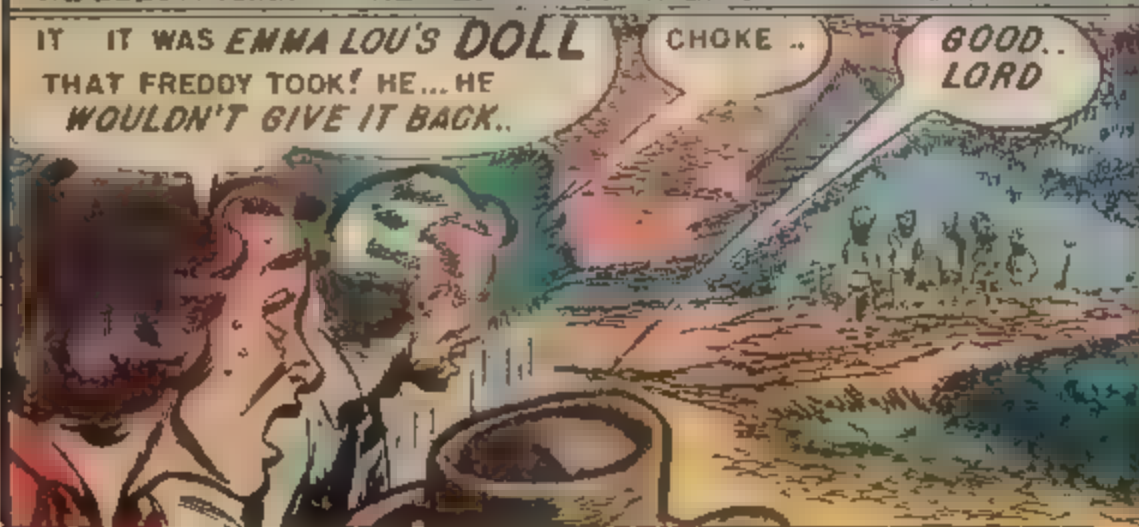
HUH? WHY... WHY...



I TOLD THEM THAT WHEN SOMEONE STEALS SOMEONE ELSE'S CHILD, THAT'S KIDNAPPING..

GASP

MRS. PHILIPS SHUDDERED A DEAD SILENCE SEEMED TO FALL UPON THE DARKENED STREET A BREEZE STIRRED, MOVING ALONG, MAKING THE OTHERS SHIVER IN ITS CHILL. THE LAWYER... THE TEACHER THE ELECTRICIAN THE REST MRS. PHILIPS WHISPERED HORRIFIED.



IT IT WAS ENMA LOU'S DOLL THAT FREDDY TOOK! HE... HE WOULDN'T GIVE IT BACK..

CHOKES ..

GOOD.. LORD

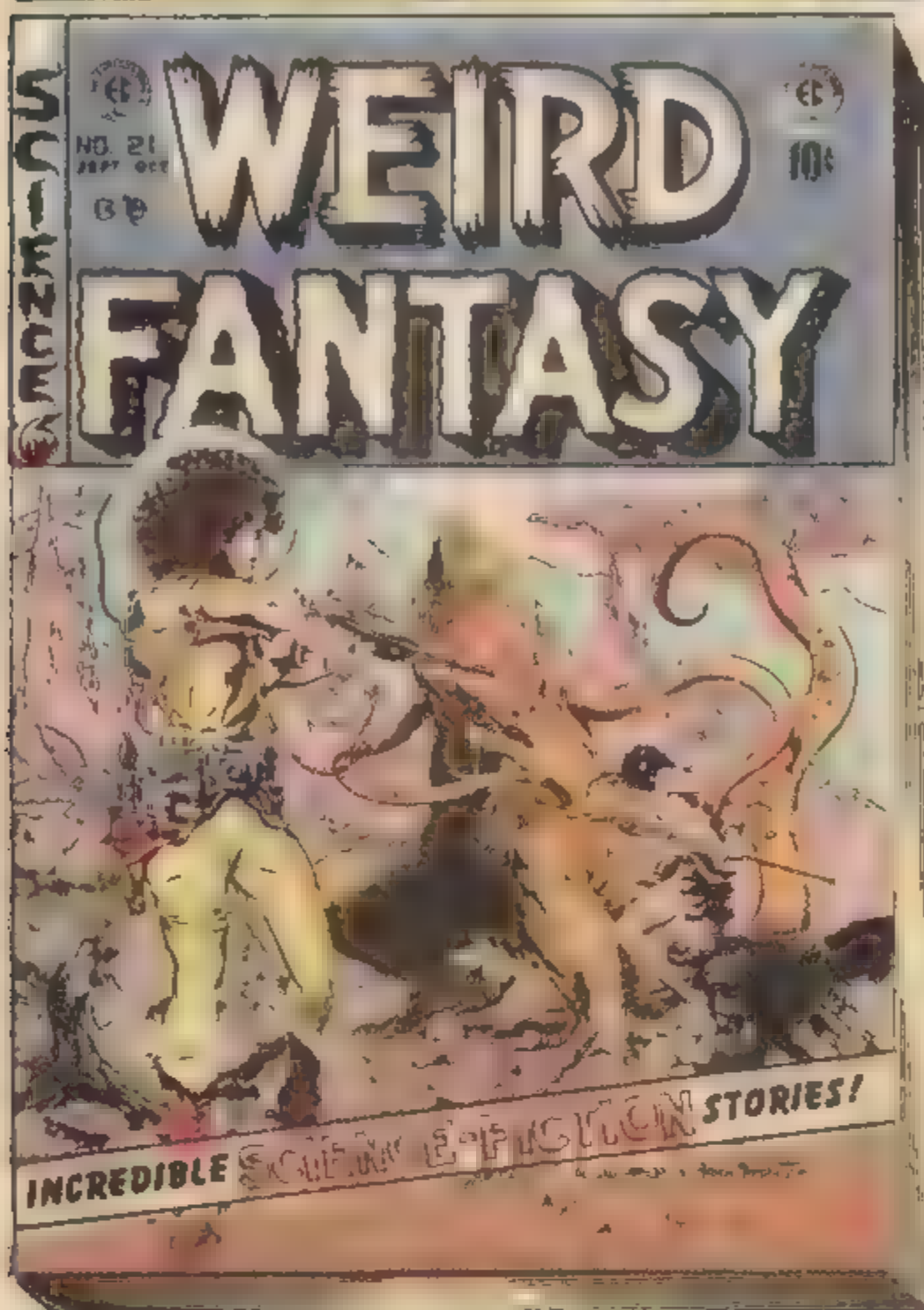
ACROSS THE STREET, IN THE EMPTY LOT, ONE OF THE CHILDREN WAS SAYING SOME WORDS OVER THE GRAVE OF THE DEPARTED...

HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES. THAT'S MY YELP YARN. SHOCKING? THAT'S WHAT FREDDY SAID WHEN THEY PUSHED HIM INTO THE LIVE WIRE. NOW IT'S TIME TO TURN YOU BACK TO V.K., I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE OLD WITCH'S REEK-RAG, THE HAUNT OF FEAR. IN THE MEANTIME... AS THE GHOUL SAID WHEN HE STUCK THE



REMAINS OF HIS LATEST VICTIM INTO THE DEEP FREEZE 'KEEP WELL!'

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WRECKER!



Carlson squinted through the tiny cab window: Jaffrey was on the other side of the skeletal structure, working over the wall which Carlson's wreck-er had just demolished. Twelve stories up like this, Carlson thought, a fall would prove instantly fatal. And no one could say that the wrecking machine hadn't gotten out of Carlson's control. Jaffrey's death would be listed as accidental . . . one of the things that made wrecking such a dangerous profession!

Carlson sighted along the derrick-like arm projecting in front of his cab, intent on the steel cable which hung from the towering derrick. The iron ball dangling at the end of the metal line was immense: ponderous enough, when crashed against a wall, to reduce concrete to dust. One swipe would certainly send Jaffrey spinning over the side of the half-demolished building!

Carlson's fist tightened on the control knob . . . the derrick slowly moved and the heavy iron ball began to swing like a gargantuan pendulum. Now its arc brought it fifteen yards from Jaffrey . . . now ten . . . now five. Another delicate turn of the knob and the derrick was precisely where it must be if the wrecking ball was to crash into Jaffrey . . .

There was a sickening crunch, a sharp scream of agony and desper-

ately flailing arms. Even as the workers turned in dismay, Carlson leaped from the cab and peered down through the girders. A momentary flash, like that of a figure fading away as it dropped, told the story of Jaffrey's plunge to the street far below. Slowly Carlson straightened up, a smile of triumph flickering across his face. Now there'd be no more trouble from Jaffrey... Carlson was once again the unchallenged boss of this labor gang!

He turned and, out of the corner of his eye, saw the steel cable plunging toward him! He tried to scramble out of the way, cursing himself for moving from the cab in order to watch Jaffrey's fall. Overhead Carlson heard an ominous roar: saw the cable slashing toward him with incredible speed...

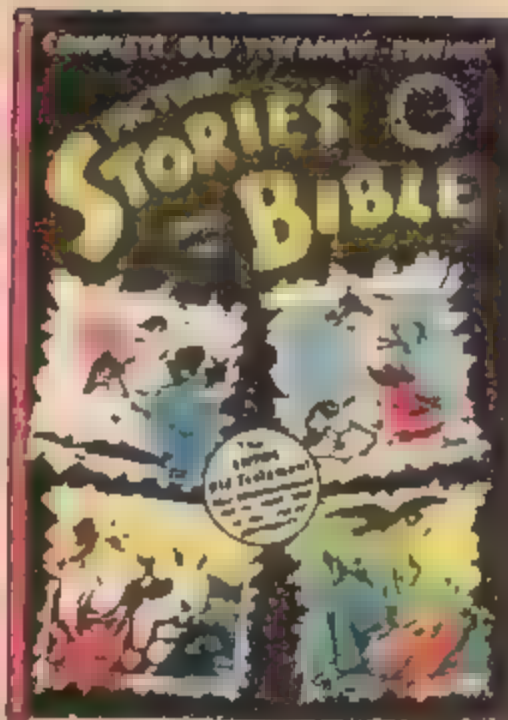
Suddenly he felt a searing stab of pain at his throat. He was aware of being lifted bodily and hurled flat against the wooden scaffolding of the temporary floor. Before he could scream aloud he was conscious of the fiery agony running like wild flame through his throat... of seeing blood pouring darkly over his eyeballs. Weakly he tried to touch his tortured neck, to soothe the skin that felt as if it had been mangled raw. Then blackness closed in on Carlson like a stifling shroud...

A minute later, the workers stood solemnly over Carlson's crumpled body. "T-That steel cable," one man whispered, "it wrapped around his throat like a hangman's noose! T-Tore through his skin the way a knife cuts through butter! I-I never saw a man's head cut off so quickly!"



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THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

A pox on my mercenary idiot editors! They have just informed me that they desire to take over my entire column this issue to announce their latest insidious money-grabbing scheme to "con" a few more coins from your . . . or your old man's . . . grimy little piggy bank . . . namely, the formation of a national E.C. fan organization! O.K., bird-brains . . . you're on the hot-air!—V.K.

Thank you, V.K., you old bagel-head, for the confidence-inspiring manner in which you broke the deliriously happy news to our deliriously happy readers! But before launching into the sordid details of the club, we would like to sketch in a little background. We started out with two conditions that positively had to be met:

1) Our club would have to be a different kind of fan club . . . a continuously active club that would provide long-range interest, enjoyment and benefits for its members! And . . .

2) Our club would have to be a non-profit fan club! The Vault-Keeper to the contrary notwithstanding, the only income we at E.C. derive . . . or care to derive! . . . from our efforts comes from the newsstand sales of our 10c mags. We actually lose a little on subscriptions, and make very little on the annuals . . . both are primarily offered as services to promote good will! If you readers want a fan club, we're more than happy to oblige . . . but, again, as a service, not for profit!

So here's what we've come up with

1) **THE NAME:** As one reader wrote a while back, "E.C. magazines are habit-forming." So what could be more logical than to call the organization, "THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB"?

2) **THE SET-UP:** The E.C. Fan-Addict Club will consist of the national "parent" organization, and local chapters. Everyone who joins will be a member of the national organization. In addition, any group of five or more prospective members may join as an authorized chapter of the national organization. Each such chapter will be assigned a charter number. The name and address of the elected president of each authorized chapter will be made available to all members, so that those who are not already a member of a chapter will be able to join the one nearest them if they wish to.

3) **WHAT YOU GET:** Each member will receive a full-color 7½ by 10½ membership

certificate, suitable for framing; a wallet-size membership identification card; a striking membership patch for sweaters, jackets, etc.; and a very distinguished-looking membership pin!

4) **COST OF JOINING:** Membership in THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB will set you back two bits . . . 25c! This 25c represents the exact cost to us (plus or minus a fraction of a cent!) of one envelope, one stamp, and the above mentioned four items . . . certificate, card, patch, and pin! (The cost of Ruby's and Nancy's loving labor in packing and mailing is lovingly donated by E.C.)

5) **POSSIBLE FUTURE PLANS:** We are considering publishing an E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN, containing such features as national and local chapter news; advance inside information on new titles, future stories, and special issues, etc.; articles and stories submitted by members; and a "back-issue trading post!" Only club members would be eligible to subscribe, with the price and frequency of publication yet to be decided upon.

We are also considering some sort of "E.C. Surprise-of-the-Month" plan for members. What the surprises might be, and what we might have to clip you for THIS one, is also as yet undetermined.

6) **IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED:** For an individual membership, send 25c, along with your clearly printed name and address, to:

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

If five or more of you wish to join as an authorized chapter, enclose each member's name and address, along with 25c for each name, and indicate the name of the elected president. We will notify each president of his chapter's charter number . . . but each chapter member will receive his membership credentials, etc., individually

So that's it! Meet new friends. Make new enemies. See the world. Spend money. Join THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!!!

(In honor of the occasion, we will forego the usual subscription plug that 6 issues of this, or any other E.C. mag, cost 75c.—ed.)

HERE IS A WELL-FRAMED TALE
OF TERROR. I CALL IT...

A SLIGHT CASE of MURDER!



THE NEWSPAPER STORIES AND WORD-OF-MOUTH RUMORS THAT HAD BEEN COMING OUT OF THE TERRORIZED TOWN OF HILLDALE HAD DEEPLY DISTURBED OLD DOCTOR SWANSON, AND HE'D FINALLY PACKED A FEW THINGS INTO AN OVERNIGHT BAG AND TAKEN A TRAIN THERE. NOW, STANDING UPON HILLDALE'S EMPTY STATION PLATFORM, LISTENING TO THE TRAIN WHISTLE FADING IN THE DISTANCE AND GAZING UP AT THE ABANDONED MANSION ON THE FAR HILL OVERLOOKING THE SLEEPY TOWN, THE OLD DOCTOR NODDED GRIMLY...

YEP! THAT'S THE ANSWER, ALL RIGHT. THAT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL THOSE KILLIN'S.



DOC SWANSON STARED AT THE DISTANT RUN-DOWN BOARDED-UP OLD MANSION FOR A FEW MINUTES. THEN HE SHRUGGED, SLOWLY PICKED UP HIS BAG, AND STARTED WEARILY DOWN THE DESERTED DUSTY MAIN STREET. AS HE'D STOP BEFORE EACH BUILDING AND STORE, HE'D SMILE OR FROWN OR SHAKE HIS HEAD SADLY AND MOVE ON. THEN, HE CAME TO THE BUILDING HE WAS LOOKING FOR. HE ENTERED...

AFTERNOON, STRANGER. MY NAME'S MOULTON. I'M SHERIFF OF HILLDALE. KIN I HELP YOU?

I CAME TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF MOULTON! I CAME ABOUT THE MURDERS YOU BEEN HAVIN'! I THINK I KNOW WHO'S DOIN' 'EM! OF COURSE IT'S ONLY A THEORY...



SHERIFF MOULTON EYED THE OLD DOCTOR SUSPICIOUSLY. LISTEN, STRANGER I'M FULL UP TO HERE WITH CRACKPOT THEORIES 'BOUT THEM MURDERS.

THIS IS NO CRACKPOT THEORY, SHERIFF. I HAVE THE ANSWER. THE PERSON YOU WANT...



THE SHERIFF LAUGHED.

PERSON! WHAT PERSON? 'TAINT NO PERSON WHAT'S BEEN DOIN' THE KILLIN'S, STRANGER. 'TAINT **NOTHIN' HUMAN.**

OH? AND WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

THE SHERIFF SAT BACK AND LIT UP HIS PIPE...

THE FACTS **PROVE** IT WEREN'T NO **HUMAN**, STRANGER. NO **HUMAN BEING** COULD'VE **COMMITTED** THE **MURDERS**. NO HUMAN BEING COULDA **GOTTEN** IN...

...POINTED THE LIT MATCH AT THE OLD DOC...

TAKE **LILA MARTINSON**, FOR EXAMPLE. SHE WAS THE **FIRST** T'DIE. SOMEBODY HEARD HER **SCREAMIN'** AND **PHONED ME** UP.



'WHEN I GOT THERE, HER **DOOR** WAS **LOCKED**. FROM THE **INSIDE**. I HAD TO **BREAK** IT DOWN. **GOOD LORD!**



'SHE WAS LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR OF HER ROOM IN A POOL OF BLOOD. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE'D BEEN ATTACKED BY SOME **WILD ANIMAL**... ALL TORN AND SLASHED AND CUT-LIKE...

THIS **WINDOW'S** LOCKED TOO, SHERIFF.

THAT'S STRANGE. IFN THE **DOOR** AND **WINDOW** WERE BOTH LOCKED FROM THE **INSIDE**, HOW'D THE **MURDERER** GET IN OR OUT?



SHERIFF MOULTON PUFFED ON HIS PIPE, SUCKING THE MATCH FLAME INTO THE BOWL TILL THE PACKED TOBACCO GLOWED RED...

SO YOU **SEE**, STRANGER... WHEN YOU SAY IT'S A **PERSON** WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR, YOU'RE **DEAD WRONG**. IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR A **PERSON** TO GET IN OR OUT OF LILA MARTINSON'S ROOM ACCORDIN' T' THE **EVIDENCE**...

WEREN'T THERE ANY **OTHER** OPENINGS IN HER ROOM? A **VENT** OR A **CHIMNEY FLUE**?

SHERIFF MOULTON STARED AT THE OLD DOC...

NOW THAT YOU **MENTION** IT, THERE WAS A **HOT-AIR-VENT** IN HER ROOM. BUT IT WASN'T **BIG ENOUGH** FOR A **HUMAN BEING** TO CLIMB THROUGH...

NOT AN **ORDINARY** HUMAN BEING, SHERIFF?



THE SHERIFF'S EYES GLEAMED IN THE MATCH-LIGHT...

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVIN' AT, STRANGER? WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

I KNOW WHO YOUR KILLER IS, SHERIFF! AND I KNOW WHERE TO TRAP HIM!



THE SHERIFF STARED AT OLD SWANSON. THE OLD DOG STOOD UP...

MEET ME AT THE BOTTOM OF MANSION HILL TONIGHT, SHERIFF. I'LL SHOW YOU THE MURDERER...

I'LL BE THERE... I'LL BE THERE...



THE SHERIFF PUFFED THOUGHTFULLY ON HIS PIPE FOR A MOMENT AFTER THE DOG LEFT. THEN HE CURSED AND TOSSED THE MATCH TO THE FLOOR...

@#X?!

STRANGERS!



OLD DOC SWANSON CONTINUED ON DOWN THE DESERTED MAIN STREET. HIS NEXT STOP WAS A SMALL RUN-DOWN SHOP AT THE FAR END OF TOWN...

IS THIS THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE HILLDALE CLARION... WRIT AND PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEEK 'CEPT JULY AND AUGUST BY PHIL INGRAM, ACE REPORTER AND CHIEF TYPE-SETTER...

WELL, I'LL BE A HOG-TIED SON OF A SLOPPY SEA-COOK. IF IT AIN'T SAM SWANSON...!



THE WIZENED OLD MAN IN THE GREEN EYE SHADE SHOOK THE OLD DOC'S HAND WARMLY...

WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK TO HILLDALE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, DOC?

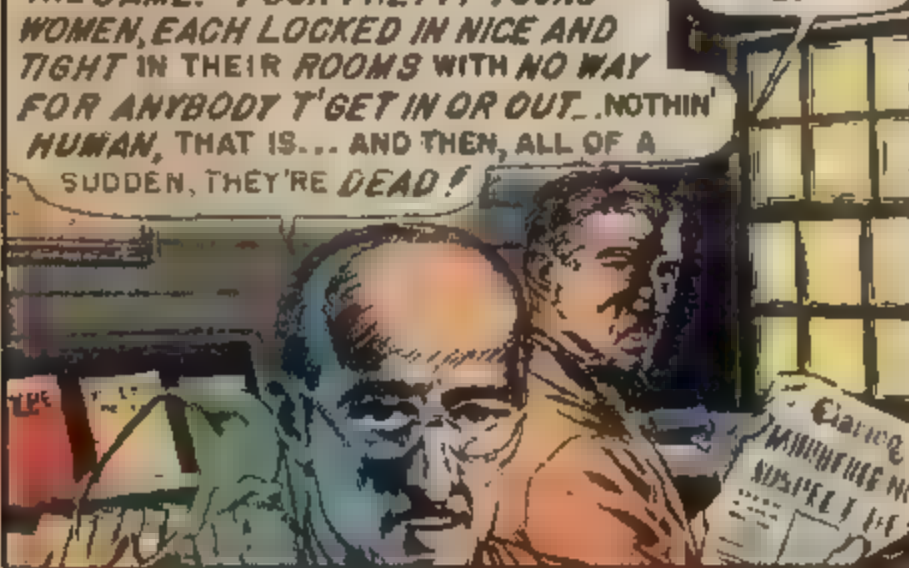
MURDER, PHIL!



OLD PHIL INGRAM'S FACE DARKENED...

STRANGEST DANG MYSTERY THIS TOWN EVER HAD, DOC. FOUR MURDERS, AND EVERYONE PRACTICALLY THE SAME. FOUR PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN, EACH LOCKED IN NICE AND TIGHT IN THEIR ROOMS WITH NO WAY FOR ANYBODY T'GET IN OR OUT. NOTHIN' HUMAN, THAT IS... AND THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THEY'RE DEAD!

YOU TALK LIKE SHERIFF MOULTON, PHIL!



THE WHOLE TOWN'S CONVINCED THE THING THAT MURDERED THEM FOUR GALS WASN'T HUMAN, DOC. COULDN'T BE!

PERHAPS IT ISN'T HUMAN AFTER ALL, PHIL. ANYWAY, I HAVE A FAVOR T' ASK OF YOU...



THAT NIGHT, OLD DOC SWANSON STOOD AT THE BOTTOM OF MANSION HILL, WAITING FOR SHERIFF MOULTON.

THAT YOU, SHERIFF?

YEP! IT'S ME! NOW, WHERE'S THE KILLER...?



THE DOC POINTED TO THE ANCIENT EDIFICE LOOMING DARK AND FOREBODING ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

WE'LL FIND THE KILLER UP THERE, SHERIFF... IN THE OLD BATES MANSION! I'M SURE OF IT!

THE BATES...? SAY... I THOUGHT YOU WERE A STRANGER HERE!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, SHERIFF. I AM DOCTOR SAM SWANSON. I LIVED HERE IN HILDALE OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. I FIRST STARTED PRACTICIN' MEDICINE HERE...

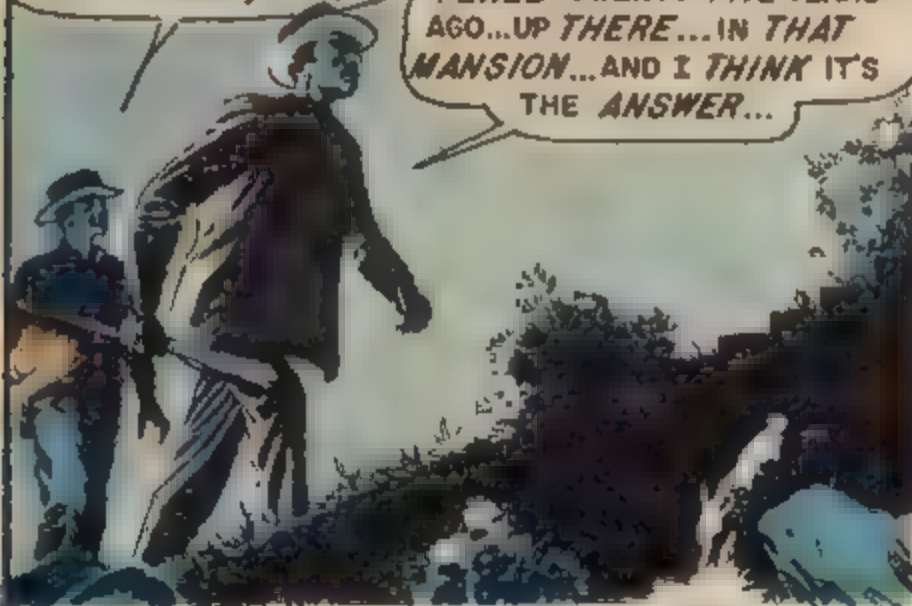
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T A STRANGER! NOBODY CALLS IT THE BATES MANSION ANYMORE



THEY'D STARTED UP THE HILL TOWARD THE BOARDED-UP OLD MANSION...

BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE KILLER'LL BE UP THERE, DOC?

JUST A HUNCH, SHERIFF. YOU SEE, SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO... UP THERE... IN THAT MANSION... AND I THINK IT'S THE ANSWER...



I WAS JUST A YOUNG SQUIRT, THEN... FRESH OUT OF MED SCHOOL. I'D COME TO HILDALE TO SET UP A PRACTICE. ONE DAY I HAD A VISITOR...

DOCTOR SWANSON. DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

OF COURSE. YOU'RE AMELIA BATES. YOU LIVE IN THE MANSION UP ON THE HILL OUTSIDE OF TOWN. YOUR HUSBAND IS JOHN BATES, THE FAMOUS WORLD TRAVELER...



AMELIA BATES WAS GOING TO HAVE A BABY. SHE WANTED ME TO BE THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN WHEN HER TIME CAME...

I'D BE DELIGHTED, MRS. BATES. AND... CONGRATULATIONS. YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND MUST BE VERY HAPPY...

MY HUSBAND WILL NEVER KNOW, DOCTOR. I JUST RECEIVED WORD THIS MORNING THAT HE HAS BEEN KILLED IN AN AIRPLANE CRASH...



AMELIA BATES WENT INTO HIDING AFTER THAT, AND HARDLY ANYONE IN THE TOWN SAW HER, ALTHOUGH THEY ALL KNEW OF THE COMING EVENT. THEN, ONE DAY... I RECEIVED HER URGENT CALL...

YOU'D BETTER COME UP RIGHT AWAY, DOCTOR. I THINK... IT'S TIME...

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MRS. BATES!



THE TWO MEN...THE AGED DOCTOR AND THE SHERIFF...CLIMBED THE RICKETY OLD STEPS OF THE WEATHERBEATEN ABANDONED MANSION...

AND YOU...
DELIVERED
THE WIDOW
BATES'S
CHILD, DOC?

IF YOU COULD CALL
IT A CHILD, SHERIFF,
IT WAS JUST ONE OF
THOSE UNFORTUNATE
THINGS. THE CHILD
WAS A MISSHAPEN
MONSTER...



'ITS HEAD WAS NORMAL, BUT ITS
BODY AND ARMS AND LEGS HAD
NOT DEVELOPED FULLY. MRS.
BATES SAW THE EXPRESSION ON MY
FACE AFTER I DELIVERED THE BABY.'

CHOKE...

WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?
WHAT'S WRONG?
MY BABY..!



'I TRIED TO TELL HER AS BEST AS
I COULD, I TRIED TO TALK HER OUT
OF KEEPING THE CHILD. BUT SHE
INSISTED UPON IT...'

NO MATTER HOW MAL-
FORMED IT IS, IT IS
STILL MY BABY.
DOCTOR! AND HERE
IT WILL STAY...
AS LONG AS IT
LIVES. GIVE IT
TO ME...

MRS.
BATES,
WHAT SHOULD
I TELL THE
TOWNS-
FOLK...?



'MRS. BATES TOOK HER MONSTROUS CHILD IN
HER ARMS...' YOU CAN TELL
THE TOWNSFOLK THE
BABY WAS BORN DEAD,
DOCTOR! THIS WILL BE
OUR SECRET! YOURS
AND MINE!

AS YOU WISH,
MRS. BATES.



THE DOOR TO THE OLD MANSION SQUEELED OPEN ON TIME-
RUSTED HINGES. DOCTOR SWANSON STEPPED INSIDE. THE
SHERIFF FOLLOWED...

I SAW THE CHILD ONCE MORE AFTER THAT,
SHERIFF. IT WAS JUST BEFORE I SOLD MY
PRACTICE AND LEFT HILLOALE. I CAME UP
HERE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO MRS. BATES.
THE CHILD CAME OUT OF THE KITCHEN,
THERE...SLITHERING...



'SLITHERING ALONG ON ITS UNDEVELOPED HANDS
AND FEET LIKE SOME WEIRD LIZARD WITH A
HUMAN HEAD'



THE DOCTOR STARED INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE EMPTY
DUST-LADEN LIVING ROOM OF THE OLD MANSION, LISTENING.

AND YOU THINK
THIS...THIS...
MONSTER-
CHILD IS
OUR
KILLER,
EH, DOC?

A CREATURE OF THAT SORT COULD GET
INTO A ROOM THAT IS ORDINARILY
INACCESSIBLE TO A FULLY DEVEL-
OPED HUMAN BEING. IT COULD SLIDE
THROUGH VENTILATION SYSTEMS...
COME DOWN CHIMNEY FLUES...



THE SHERIFF EYED THE DOCTOR QUIZZICALLY.

BUT, THE
MOTIVE?
WHAT
MOTIVE
DID IT HAVE?

REVENGE, PERHAPS.
THE CREATURE COULD
HAVE BEEN IN LOVE
WITH EACH OF THE
MURDERED WOMEN.



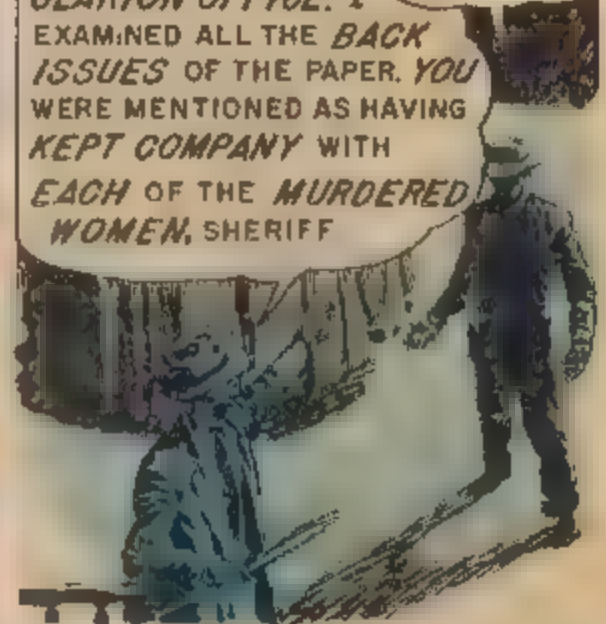
WHEN IT REVEALED ITSELF TO THE WOMEN IT LOVED, THEY WERE DISGUSTED AND REVOLTED. IT KILLED THEM IN ORDER TO SAFEGUARD ITS SECRET...

THE
SECRET
THAT ONLY
YOU
KNOW



THE SHERIFF MOVED TOWARD THE DOCTOR AWKWARDLY STIFFLY...

AFTER I SPOKE TO YOU THIS AFTERNOON, I WENT OVER TO THE CLARION OFFICE. I EXAMINED ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF THE PAPER. YOU WERE MENTIONED AS HAVING KEPT COMPANY WITH EACH OF THE MURDERED WOMEN, SHERIFF



THE DOCTOR BACKED OFF..

WHEN YOU LIT YOUR PIPE, YOU LET THE MATCH BURN DOWN TO YOUR FINGER TIPS. YOU NEVER FELT THE FLAME...SENSED NO PAIN...

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU, NOW, DOCTOR... TO PROTECT MY SECRET...



SHERIFF MOULTON LUNGED AT THE DOCTOR. SUDDENLY THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... HOARSE CRIES...

WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH, BOYS.' THE OLD DOG WAS RIGHT!

LET'S GET HIM!

NO! NO!



MOULTON SCREAMED, REALIZING THAT HE'D BEEN TRAPPED. HE FLAILED AS PHIL INGRAM AND THE OTHERS STRUGGLED WITH HIM, THROWING HIM TO THE DUSTY MANSION FLOOR, TEARING THE CLOTHES-COVERED FRAMEWORK FROM HIS NECK...RIPPING THE ARTIFICIAL LEGS...THE MECHANICAL ARMS AWAY...EXPOSING HIS HIDEOUS UNDEVELOPED LIZARD-LIKE BODY...

GOOD LORD!

HOW HORRIBLE!



HEH, HEH' YEP, KIDDIES SHERIFF MOULTON WAS THE BATES MONSTER-CHILD IN DISGUISE. HE'D BUILT HIS MECHANICAL HUMAN BODY AND COME OUT OF HIDING, HOPING TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE. THE TROUBLE WAS, SO HAD HIS PROSPECTIVE SPOUSES. WELL, THE OLD WITCH AWAITS WITH HER SLOP SERVING,

SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HER THANKS FOR DROPPING INTO THE VAULT. DON'T FORGET ANYTHING WHEN YOU HEAVE... ER... LEAVE.' 'BYE, NOW. REMEMBER! DO UNTO OTHERS...



- THE END -

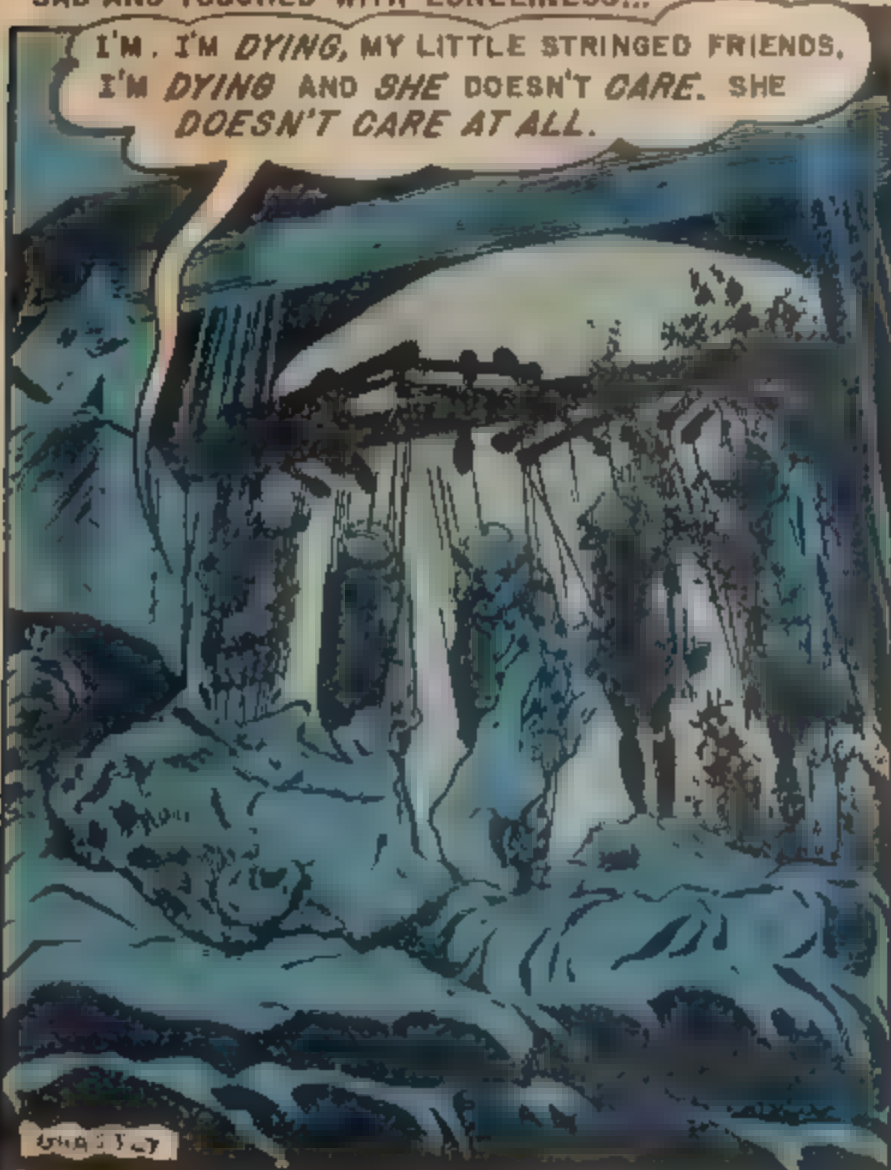
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! AND NOW THAT THOSE TWO OLD BEEZERS HAVE TEMPTED YOUR APPETITES FOR HORROR WITH THEIR, SHALL WE SAY, EVIL ENTREES, IT'S TIME FOR THE LAST COURSE... THE WIND-UP TO V.K.'S PUTRID PERIODICAL. YEP.. ITS ME THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR, READY TO SERVE A DELIGHTFUL DESSERT OF DELVINGS INTO THE DELIRIOUS. READY? THEN OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND I'LL PUPPET IN! I CALL THIS SCREAM-SCOOPING.

STRUNG ALONG!

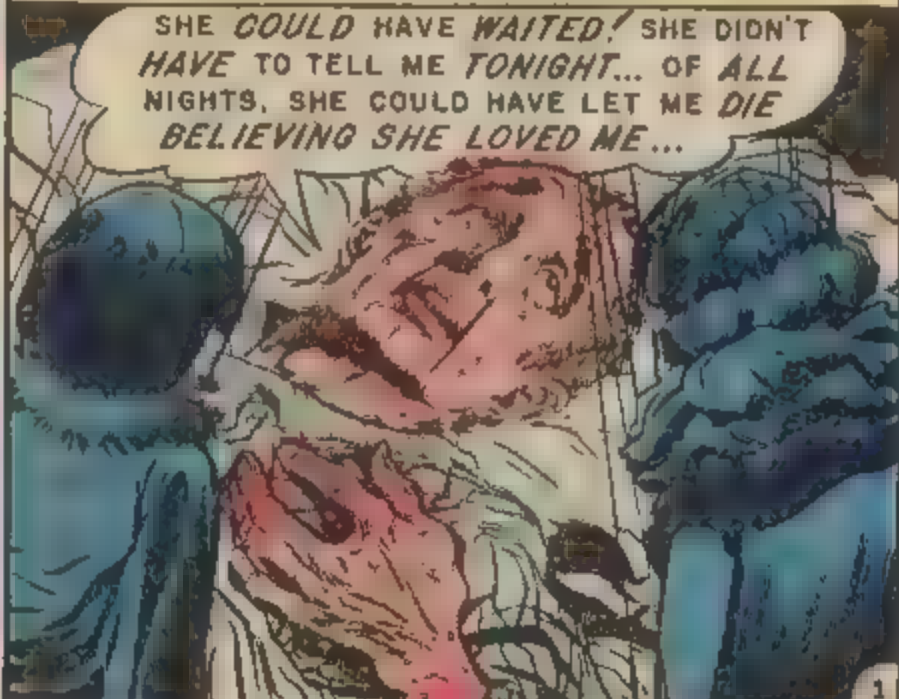
THE MARIONETTES, HANGING LIMPLY FROM THEIR RACK BESIDE TONY'S BED, TURNED LAZILY IN THE NIGHT BREEZE THAT WAFTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW. TONY FINGERED THEM ABSENTLY, STARING UP AT THE HEAVY BEAMS THAT CROSSED THE ARCHED CEILING ABOVE HIS HEAD. TEARS FILLED HIS EYES AND RAN DOWN INTO THE WRINKLES THAT ETCHED HIS FORTY-ODD-YEAR-OLD FACE. HIS VOICE WAS SOFT AND SAD AND TOUCHED WITH LONELINESS...

I'M. I'M DYING, MY LITTLE STRINGED FRIENDS, I'M DYING AND SHE DOESN'T CARE. SHE DOESN'T CARE AT ALL.



TONY TURNED TO THE LIFELESS FIGURES SUSPENDED BESIDE HIM. KOKO, THE CLOWN... VANYA, THE BALLET DANCER, SIR THOMAS, THE GALLANT KNIGHT... THE OTHERS. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY...

SHE COULD HAVE WAITED! SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME TONIGHT... OF ALL NIGHTS, SHE COULD HAVE LET ME DIE BELIEVING SHE LOVED ME...



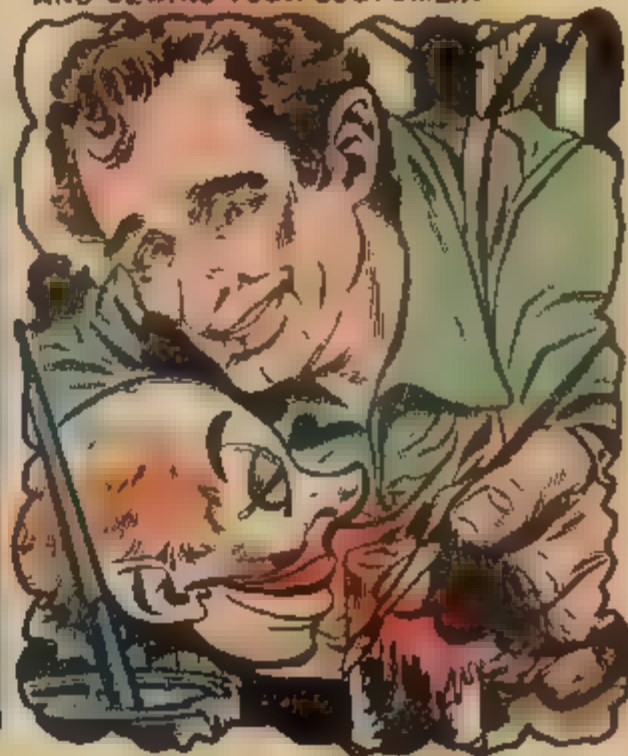
THE MARIONETTES HUNG MOTIONLESS NOW, FOR THE BREEZE HAD FADED. TONY TOUCHED EACH ONE LOVINGLY, TUGGING A STRING HERE... THERE... MAKING KOKO WAVE GAYLY, VANYA KICK IMPISHLY...

YOU'RE ALL I HAVE LEFT NOW, LITTLE ONES. ALL I HAVE LEFT

TONY SMILED WARMLY AS HE FIN-GERED THE BRIGHTLY COLORED FIGURES...

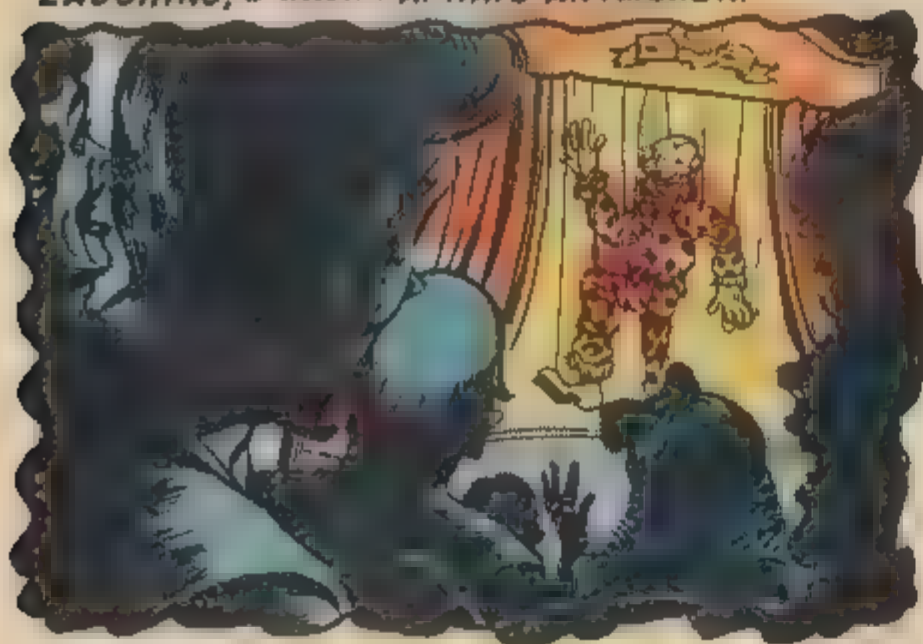
REMEMBER WHEN I MADE YOU, KOKO... SO MANY YEARS AGO. I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MARIONETTE IN THE WHOLE WORLD

'I WORKED *WEEKS* ON YOU...CARVING YOUR HEAD, YOUR ARMS, YOUR LEGS, AND SEWING YOUR COSTUME...'



'REMEMBER OUR *FIRST SHOW TOGETHER*? I WAS SO *NERVOUS*. BUT WHEN THE *CURTAIN* WAS OPENED AND YOU WERE *PERFORMING* AND THE AUDIENCE WAS *LAUGHING*, I WASN'T *AFRAID ANYMORE*...'

'AND AFTER THAT, I MADE *YOU*, VANYA, AND YOU JOINED OUR SHOW, AND THE PEOPLE *CHEERED* YOUR GRACEFUL ARABESQUES...YOUR DAINTY *PIROUETTES*...'



'WE WERE A *SUCCESS*, WE THREE. AND I MADE *MORE* OF YOU. *SIR THOMAS*...THE *REST* OF YOU. I HAD *MORE BOOKINGS* THAN I COULD FILL. BUT YOU WERE MADE OF *WOOD* AND *CLOTH* AND WORKED BY *STRINGS*. AFTER THE SHOWS YOU JUST *HUNG* THERE, *SILENT, MOTIONLESS*, AND I WAS *LONELY*...'

'I PULLED YOUR *STRINGS* AND YOU *CAME ALIVE* AND MADE ME *RICH*. BUT YOU *COULDN'T* GIVE ME WHAT I *REALLY NEEDED*. YOU *COULDN'T* GIVE ME *LOVE*... *COMPANIONSHIP*. AND THEN I *MET* SOMEONE WHO COULD GIVE ME THESE THINGS...'

I'VE OFTEN *ADMIRERD* YOU, MR. ZARGONO.

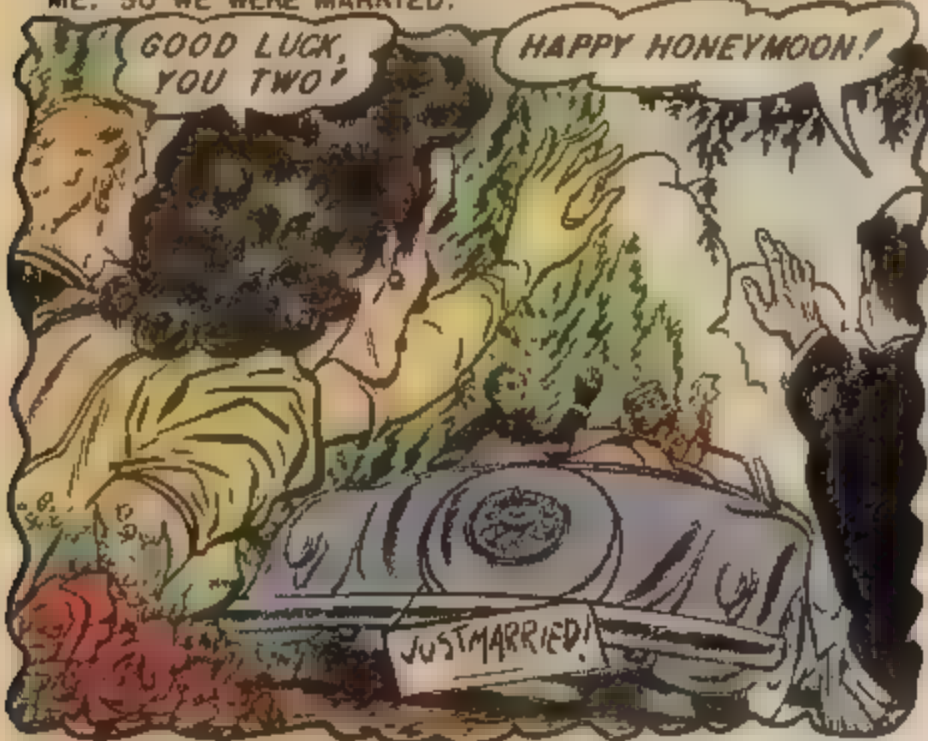
CALL ME *TONY*...AND I WILL CALL YOU *NORA*!



'I FELL IN LOVE WITH NORA, AND SHE IN TURN LOVED ME. SO WE WERE MARRIED.'

GOOD LUCK,
YOU TWO!

HAPPY HONEYMOON!

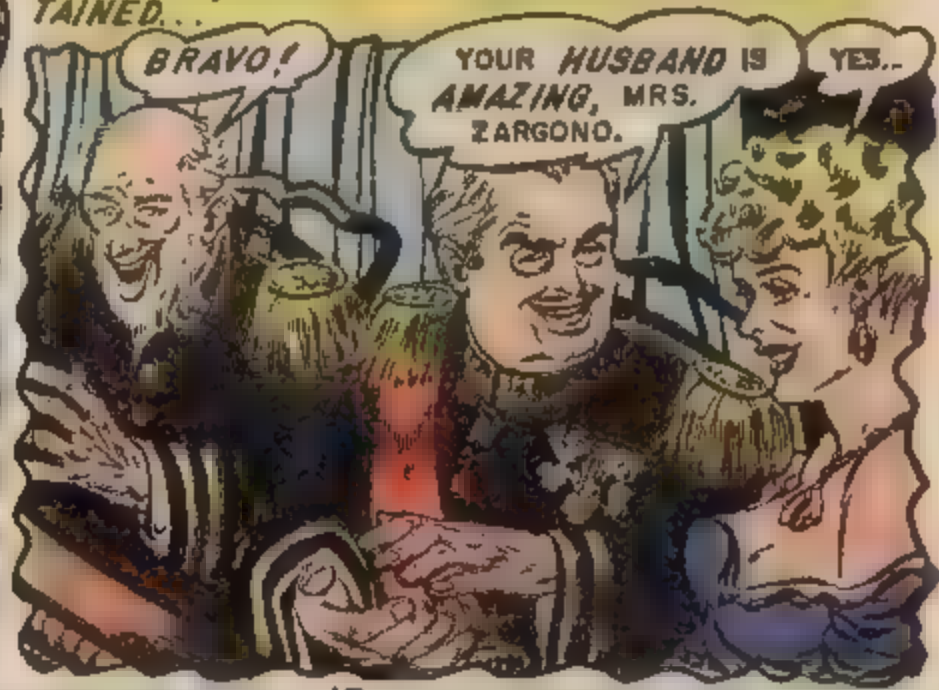


'NORA BROUGHT LIGHT INTO MY DARK LONELY LIFE. TOGETHER, WE TOURED THE WORLD. AND SHE SAT WITH PRESIDENTS AND KINGS AS I ENTERTAINED...

BRAVO!

YOUR HUSBAND IS
AMAZING, MRS.
ZARGONO.

YES...



'AND YOU, MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS
YOU PERFORMED WELL FOR ME. I
WAS ABLE TO BUY NORA EVERY-
THING...JEWELRY...FURS...'

...THIS LOVELY TUDOR MANSION
WITH ITS STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS
AND BEAMED CATHEDRAL CEILINGS...

'I WORKED HARD FOR HER... AND
IN TURN WORKED ALL OF YOU HARD,
BUT WHEN SOMETHING WENT
WRONG WITH ANY OF YOU, I COULD
FIX IT... REPAIR IT...'

LIKE IT,
NORA?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL,
TONY!



IT'S ALL YOURS,
DARLING.

OH,
TONY...



I'LL HAVE YOU FIXED
IN A JIFFY, KOKO.



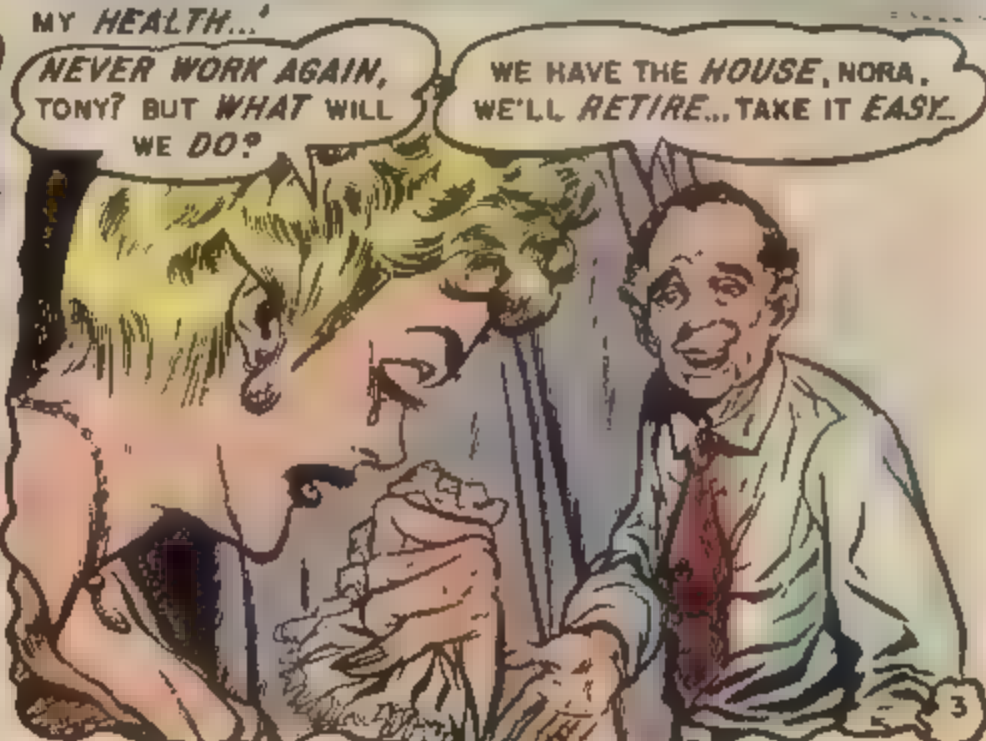
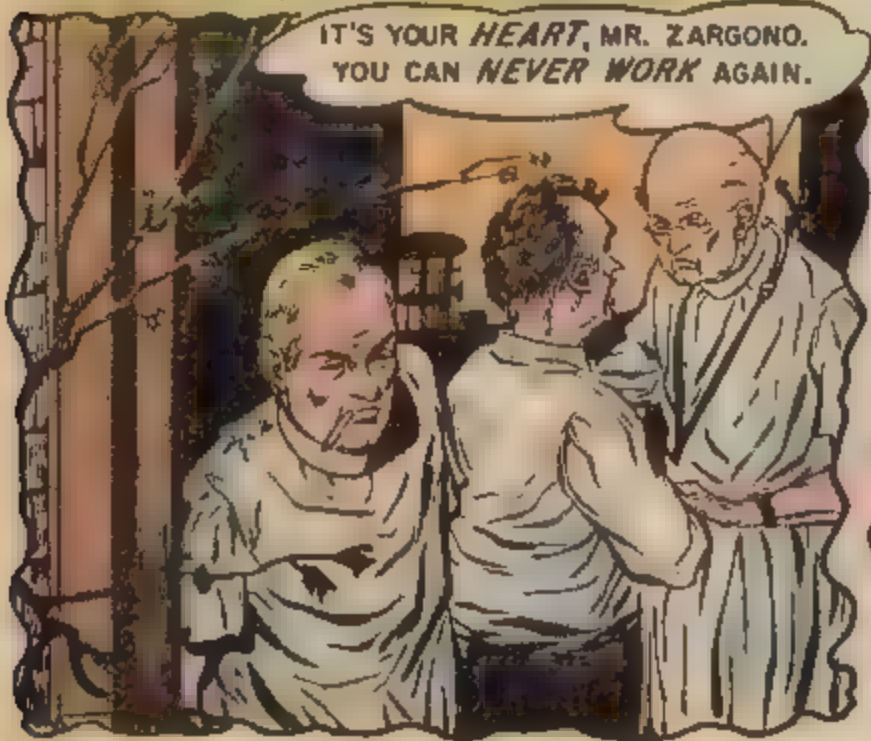
'BUT THERE WAS NO REPAIRING ME WHEN I
BROKE DOWN. THE DOCTORS TOLD ME...'

'NORA SEEMED ALL BROKEN UP WHEN I TOLD HER THE
BAD NEWS. I THOUGHT SHE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT ME...
MY HEALTH...'

IT'S YOUR HEART, MR. ZARGONO.
YOU CAN NEVER WORK AGAIN.

NEVER WORK AGAIN,
TONY? BUT WHAT WILL
WE DO?

WE HAVE THE HOUSE, NORA.
WE'LL RETIRE... TAKE IT EASY.



'I WENT INTO FORCED RETIREMENT. BOOKINGS WERE CANCELLED...CONTRACTS TORN UP THE GREAT TONY ZARGONO... THE MASTER PUPPETEER.. WAS HUNG AWAY LIKE ONE OF HIS OWN MARIONETTES...'

IT'S NICE HERE IN THE SUN, ISN'T IT, NORA?

YES..



'NORA TRIED TO NURSE ME BACK TO HEALTH. SHE CALLED IN DOCTOR AFTER DOCTOR, BUT THEY ALL SHOOK THEIR HEADS...'

IF HE WORKS AGAIN, IT WILL KILL HIM. EVEN AN EMOTIONAL SHOCK...

OH?



'BILLS PILED UP. OUR SAVINGS WENT. NORA WAS FORCED TO SELL HER JEWELRY...HER FURS... HER CAR. SHE GREW COLD...'

NORA, DON'T BE ANGRY! I KNOW HOW YOU LOVED YOUR PRETTY THINGS, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. IF I WERE WELL..

ALL RIGHT, TONY! ALL RIGHT! LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT!



'SOON, ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS THIS HOUSE AND YOU...MY STRINGED FRIENDS. NORA TRIED TO MAKE ME SELL YOU ALSO...BUT THAT, I REFUSED TO DO...'

NO, NORA! NOT MY MARIONETTES! NOW THAT I'M BEDRIDDEN, THEY HELP PASS THE TIME...

BUT WE NEED THE MONEY! YOU'RE RIDICULOUS!



'I WAS DYING. I KNEW IT. BUT I COULD FACE DEATH. NORA WAS BESIDE ME. NORA. MY WIFE..WHO LOVED ME. AS LONG AS I BELIEVED THAT, I COULD FACE ANYTHING...'

DARLING NORA, YOU'VE MADE MY LIFE COMPLETE, KNOWING YOU LOVE ME HAS...

DON'T KID YOURSELF, TONY! I NEVER LOVED YOU! I LOVED THE THINGS YOU COULD GIVE ME..



'THEN, NORA TOLD ME THE TRUTH. SHE STOOD BESIDE MY BED AND TOLD ME...TONIGHT...'

NORA! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

YOU HEARD ME! I MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY! THAT'S ALL! YOUR MONEY! YOU COULD GIVE ME PRETTY THINGS, AND I WANTED PRETTY THINGS. SO I PUT ON AN ACT...



'HER EYES WERE FILLED WITH HATE AND HER MOUTH WAS TWISTED INTO A SCORNFUL SNEER AS SHE SPEWED FORTH HER INVECTIVE...'

ACTUALLY, I DESPISED YOU! I LOATHED YOU...YOUR TOUCH...YOUR CARESS...YOUR KISS! BUT WHILE YOU COULD GIVE ME WHAT I LIKED, I TOLERATED YOU...



'AND AS SHE RAVED, I FELT THE PAIN IN MY CHEST GROW IN INTENSITY...'

WHEN YOU GOT SICK, I STUCK AROUND!
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET BETTER!
NOW... WHEN I THINK OF THE TIME
I'VE WASTED...

NORA...
PLEASE...
DON'T...

'THE PAIN... GROWING UNTIL IT FELT AS IF A STEEL VISE WERE CRUSHING MY HEART BETWEEN ITS POWERFUL JAWS...'

DON'T YOU LIKE THE
TRUTH, TONY? DON'T
YOU? WELL, NOW
YOU KNOW! I'VE
HATED YOU FROM
THE BEGINNING...

NORA... CHOKE...
YOU'RE KILLING
ME!

AM I, SUCKER? AM I KILLING
YOU? WELL THAT'S WHAT I
WANT TO DO. I'D LIKE TO BE
FREE OF YOU... WHILE I'M
STILL YOUNG...

GASP

'THE ATTACK CAME...JUST AS THE DOCTORS HAD PRE-
DICTED. NORA STOOD THERE, HER FACE A STONE MASK,
WATCHING ME WRITHE...'

'AND THEN SHE WALKED OUT...LAUGHING'

NORA COME
BACK

'AND I'VE BEEN LYING HERE, WAITING... LISTENING...
HOPING SHE'D RETURN... HOPING TO AWAKEN FROM THIS
BAD DREAM. THE ATTACK HAS PASSED, AND I FEEL
MYSELF FADING... KNOWING I AM DYING...'

NORA... SOB...

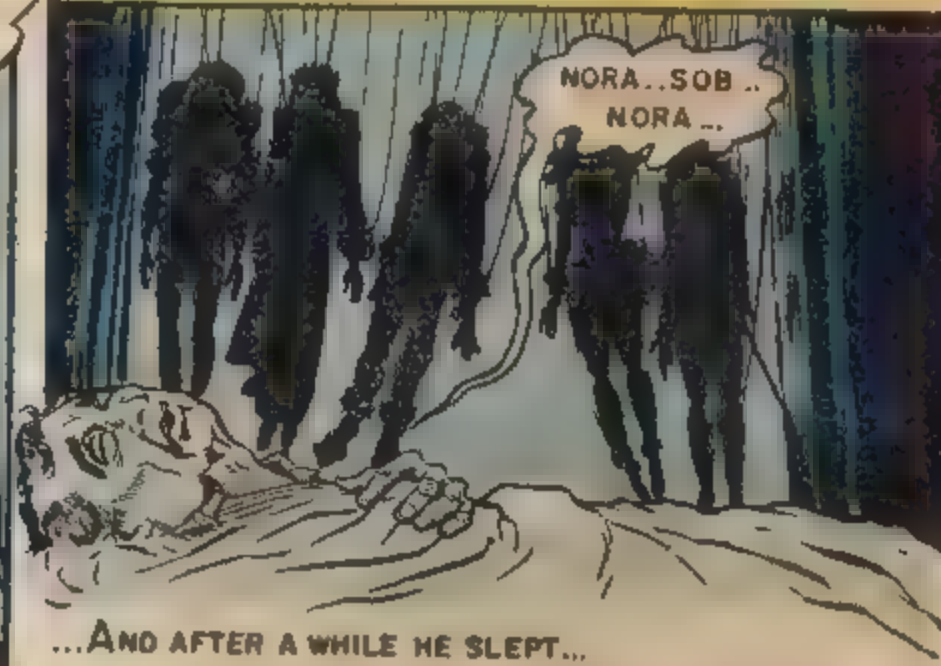
TONY WIPED AWAY A TEAR, FINGERING THE LIMP MARIONETTES HANGING BESIDE HIM...

SO...YOU'RE *ALL I HAVE LEFT NOW*,
LITTLE ONES. *ALL I HAVE...SOB...
LEFT. SHE WON'T BE BACK...*



THE BREEZE COMING IN THE OPEN WINDOW STIRRED THE SUSPENDED FIGURES AS TONY CLOSED HIS EYES... MURMURING SADLY...

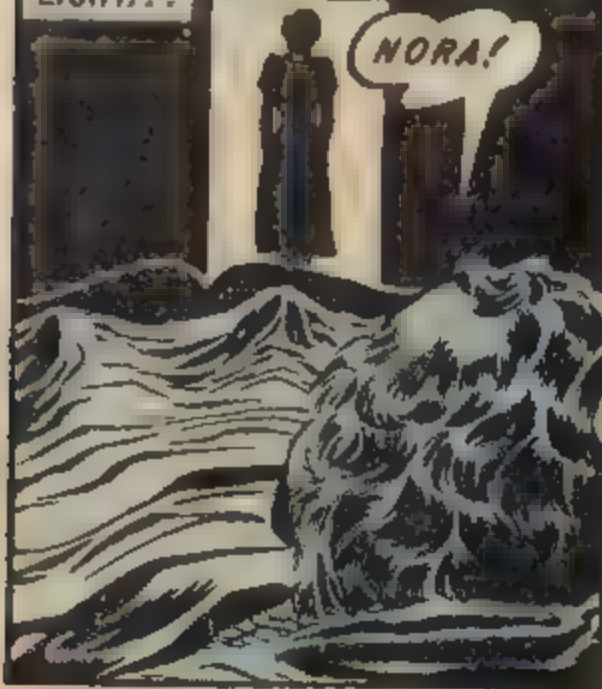
NORA...SOB..
NORA...



...AND AFTER A WHILE HE SLEPT...

A SOUND MADE TONY OPEN HIS EYES. HE LOOKED TOWARD THE DOORWAY OF HIS BEDROOM. SHE STOOD THERE, SILHOUETTED IN THE HALL LIGHT...

NORA!



SHE GLIDED TOWARD HIM. HE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT. SHE PUT HER HAND ON HIS, SHAKING HER HEAD...

BUT I CAN'T *SEE YOU!*
OR DON'T YOU *WANT ME*
TO *SEE YOU?*



SHE FELL TO HER KNEES BESIDE HIS BED. HE REACHED OUT, TOUCHING HER CHEEK...

ARE THOSE *TEARS*, NORA? ARE
YOU *CRYING?* IS *THAT* WHY
YOU WON'T LET ME TURN ON
THE LIGHTS?



SHE NODDED, KISSING HIS HAND, HER BODY HEAVING WITH PITIFUL QUIET SOBS...

OH, NORA! YOU DIDN'T *MEAN* WHAT
YOU SAID, DID YOU!? YOU'RE *SORRY!*
YOU'VE COME BACK TO *TELL ME...*



SHE NODDED AGAIN, LYING HER HEAD UPON HIS CHEST...

NORA...NORA...I *KNEW* YOU LOVED ME!
I *KNEW IT...* DON'T SAY ANYTHING!
THERE'S *NO NEED!*



TONY CUPPED NORA'S CHIN IN HIS HAND, STROKING HER SOFT HAIR...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO ME, NORA. I'M GLAD YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DIE BELIEVING YOU DIDN'T LOVE ME...



SHE SHOOK HER HEAD...CLINGING TO HIM... KISSING HIS CHEEK... HER LIPS DAMP AND TWITCHING WITH PASSION...

I AM GOING TO DIE TONIGHT, NORA! I KNOW IT! BUT I CAN DIE HAPPY NOW, MY DEAREST, KNOWING THAT YOU DO LOVE ME...



HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS, KISSING HER SOFT WET LIPS...WHISPERING...

COME TO ME...DARLING. MAKE MY LAST NIGHT COMPLETE...

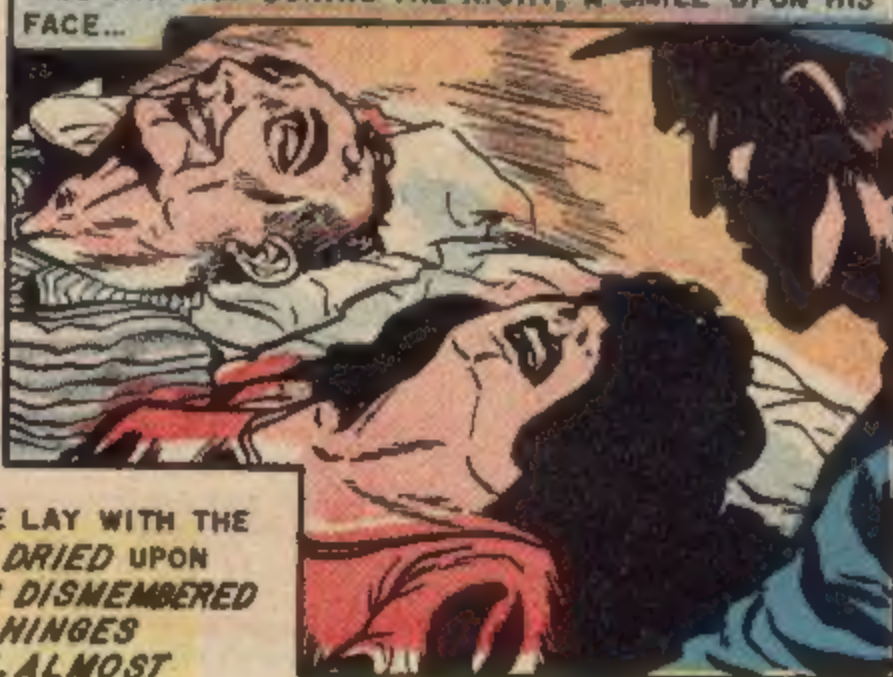


AFTER A WHILE TONY LAY BACK UPON HIS PILLOW, GAZING UP INTO THE DARKNESS, GASPING FOR BREATH. HIS WORDS WERE A SOFT WHISPER CARRIED AWAY BY THE NIGHT BREEZE...

THANK YOU, NORA...GASP...



THEY FOUND NORA AND TONY LYING SIDE BY SIDE THE NEXT MORNING. THEY WERE BOTH DEAD. TONY HAD DIED HAPPILY DURING THE NIGHT, A SMILE UPON HIS FACE...



BUT NORA HAD DIED MUCH EARLIER...VIOLENTLY. SHE LAY WITH THE BLOOD THAT HAD BEEN MISTAKEN FOR TEARS NOW DRIED UPON HER CHEEKS. SHE LAY, LIMPLY, BESIDE TONY. THE RIGID DISMEMBERED SECTIONS OF HER BODY HELD TOGETHER BY TINY HINGES SCREWED INTO THE JOINT-BONES. COUNTLESS FINE, ALMOST INVISIBLE, STRINGS RAN FROM EACH MOVABLE SECTION TO THE CEILING BEAM OVER THE BED. THE MARIONETTE RACK WAS EMPTY. THE GRINNING MARIONETTES WERE FOUND SPRAWLED UPON THE BEAM, NORA'S STRINGS TIED TO THEIR LIFELESS HANDS...

HEE, HEE. NOW THERE'S A STORY THAT TUGS AT THE HEART-STRINGS, EH, KIDDIES? SO NORA HAD TONY ON THE ROPE... AND TONY'S MARIONETTES HAD ROPES ON HER. WELL, I'LL HAVE THE OLD PEW-POT SEETHING ONCE MORE IN MY OWN MAG. THE HAUNT OF FEAR, WHEN... (AS THE SIDE OF BEEF SAID TO HIS OLD RANGE-PAL HANGING NEXT TO HIM IN THE BUTCHER'S ICE-BOX)... 'WE MEAT... AGAIN!'



— THE END —



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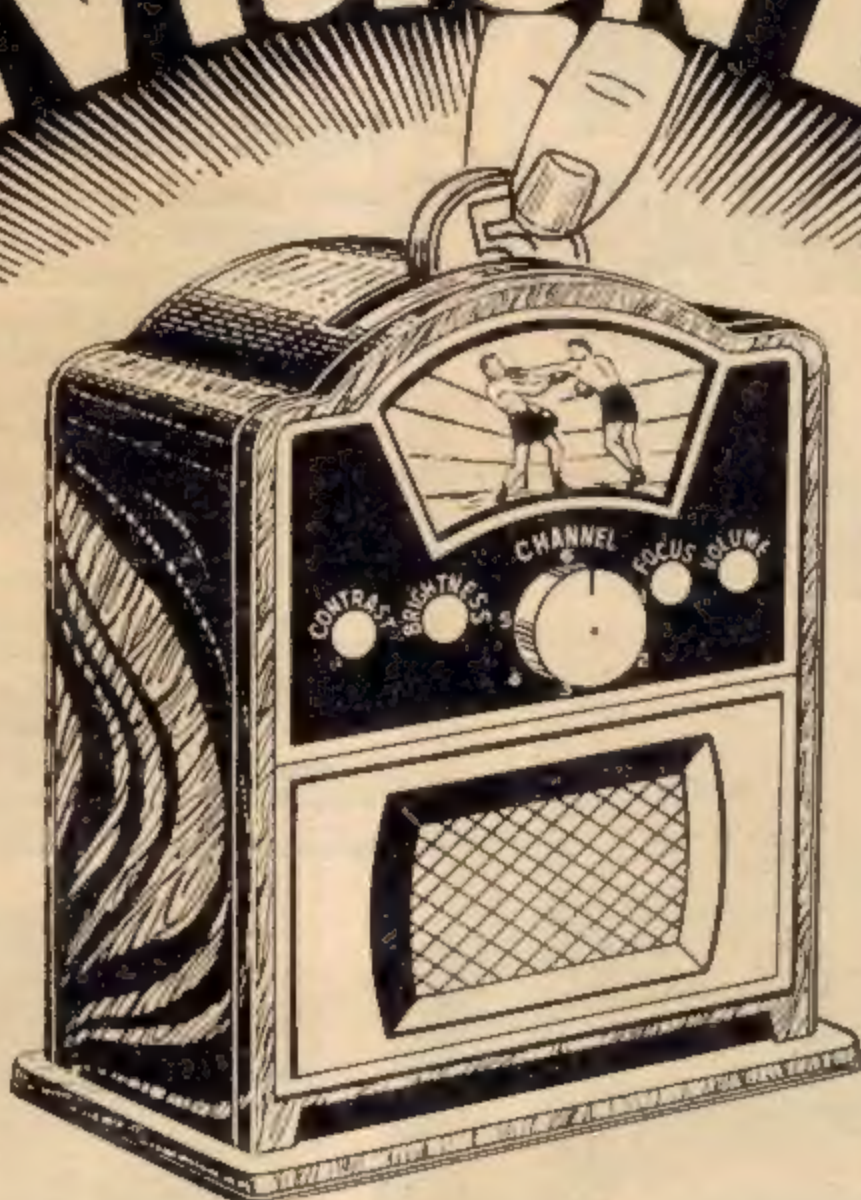
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PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. EC-2, New York 2, N. Y.

SEAGEE CO., Dept. EC-2
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____ (Please Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9mos.

**ONLY YOUR
SPARE
TIME
NEEDED**

Look At These Exceptional FIRST WEEK SPARE TIME EARNINGS

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the BIG MONEY that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Peters, Penna.
\$63.94 first week spare time
Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn.
\$74.97 first week spare time
Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont
\$58.89 first week spare time
Mrs. J. A. Sievers, Fla.
\$85.14 first week spare time
Mr. Anthony Avrilla, Wash.
\$135.00 first week spare time
Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind.
\$54.18 first week spare time
Mr. Russell P. Hart, New York
\$53.30 first week spare time

Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak.
\$60.47 first week spare time
Mr. A. E. Lewison, Ga.
\$52.26 first week spare time
Mrs. Emery Shoots, Wyo.
\$48.69 first week spare time
Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio
\$49.72 first week spare time
Mrs. John Gorman, Conn.
\$71.54 first week spare time
Mr. W. Riley, Ill.
\$72.72 first week spare time
Miss Frances Freeman, Texas
\$62.73 first week spare time

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made \$48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of \$95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of \$92.82 her first week out. THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you — It's because we stand back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable . . . within 9 months, depending on quantity . . . we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee. No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made \$80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, \$64.14. Sabine Fisher, New York, reports earnings of \$70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn., in writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned \$12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

SEND NO MONEY! JUST NAME AND HOSE SIZE...

SIMPLY MAIL COUPON. When you send for Selling Outfit, I also send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just rush your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an EXTRA BONUS and a New Car over and above your cash earnings.

L. Lowell Wilkin

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-6138 Midway Greenfield, Ohio



A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO \$20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was \$125.00." —Mrs. E. A. Conway.

NEW CAR GIVEN—OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN

WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a bonus in addition to your regular earnings. It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts TODAY.

L. Lowell Wilkin, WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc. Be Sure to Send
A-6138 Midway, GREENFIELD, OHIO Hose Size

Please rush all facts about your guaranteed hosiery money-making plan and NEW CAR offer. Everything you send me now is FREE.

MY HOSE SIZE IS _____ MY AGE IS _____ YEARS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____